The Relief Society Magazine

ol. 30 No. 9 LESSONS FOR DECEMBER September 1943

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The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saint

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Vol. 30 SEPTEMBER 1943 No.

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THE CONSTITUTION

BY an Act of Congress, March 27, 1939, the Sunday immediately preceding the seventeenth day of September, each year, has been designated as Constitution Day.

The following excerpts from the Doctrine and Covenants and from the *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith* set forth the position which Latter-day Saints take in regard to the Constitution of the United States:

". . . it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another.

"And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."

—Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 101:79-80.

"Have mercy, O Lord, upon all the nations of the earth; have mercy upon the rulers of our land; may those principles, which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever."—Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 109:54.

". . . the Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."

—*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 147.

The Cover

"THE GOLDEN GLOW AND THE COMBINATION FENCE"

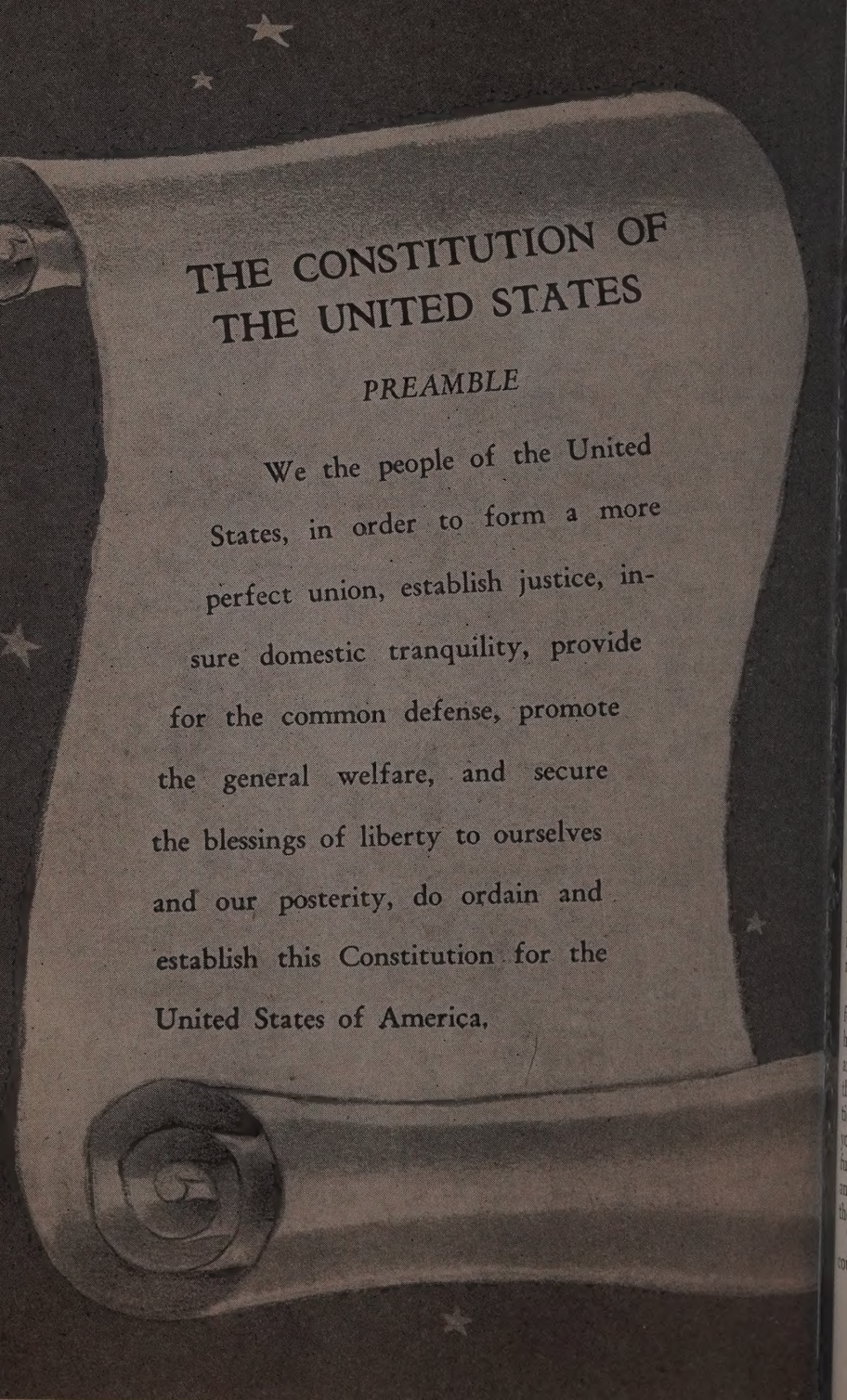
T. J. Howells, M.D.

MANY years ago across the street east from the old Salt Lake Theatre, there was located a small manufacturing company where the western "combination fence" was made. This was a lath and wire fence used to enclose the pastures and gardens of early pioneer homes. The industry was started by Bishop Robert T. Burton and the fence, usually red in color made of fur lath, became instantly popular throughout the intermountain country.

This month's cover, reproducing a picture of a section of this historic fence with golden glow, is characteristic of our intermountain country just as are the sagebrush and the mountains.

The golden glow is a showy fall blooming flower, widely grown both in the United States and Canada. This old-fashioned ornamental plant reaches a height of between four and seven feet; generous with its bloom, this hardy flower withstands our winters and grows along the fences and the walls and in the gardens of many of our pioneer homes.

The photograph is by T. J. Howells, M.D. Cover arrangements are by Evan Jensen.



THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

PREAMBLE

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

RELIEF SOCIETY

VOL. 30, NO. 9 **MAGAZINE** SEPTEMBER, 1943

To The Parents Of Service Men

Elder Hugh B. Brown
Coordinator for L.D.S. Service Men

IN 1918 the Giant Mars was wounded, and some thought permanently disabled, but by 1939 he had regained his strength and in blind fury is now straining at the pillars of civilization.

Never before have so many been called to resist him. Never before have so many parents, wives, brothers, sisters, and friends had a personal interest in great and unpredictable events. Modern efficiency places the most intelligent, the physically sound, the fittest of our youth, in the greatest danger. In 1918, there were less than 20,000 Latter-day Saint men in the service. In 1943, we have more than double that number.

You who have prayed with and for these men and have taught them how to pray, to read the scriptures, and to believe in God, know that they had high ideals and lofty ambition when this call came. They and you had planned their lives in peaceful pursuit of worthy achievement, and to this end you had supervised their training.

This sudden changing of their course and way of life; this separation from those they love, with its accompanying loss of inspiration and the supports and safeguards of home environment; this sudden impact with a world at war, with its challenge to all they had believed and known, is subjecting that training to a test more gruelling than anything you or they anticipated.

We who have observed them in this test, being transformed from boys to men, carrying tremendous responsibility and harnessed to a course of training which only the strong can endure, fearlessly preparing to meet the enemy and to look into the face of death; we know something of the struggle which each man has in that smaller, but no less dangerous sector of the conflict where the enemy would destroy him from within; we who have seen their reaction to the downdrag of temptation, as well as to the uplift of high resolve—we know that you parents have reason to be proud. They were taught at your hearthstone, inspired by your example, and with pride and honor they carry the banners and standards of home and Church

to all parts of the world in numbers tenfold greater than our normal missionary corps.

Though their duty calls them far from home, and though their present discipline and training is in other hands, though they have reached maturity in a day and are strong and self-reliant and unafraid, still they want to feel that you are near them. They look to you for encouragement and faith. Being reminded that someone believes in them, is praying for them, is a real safeguard in the hour of temptation, an effective spur to high morale.

They must know—and you must tell them—that they are trusted, that you have no doubt of the quality of their manhood and the integrity of their character. They will respond to the trust you place in them, will strive to be worthy of your confidence. They will spread their wings to the lifting power of your faith in them.

They hunger and thirst for word from home and anxiously watch for the arrival of the mail. If you could be present at a mail delivery in a desert camp and see their eager and expectant faces as they wait for their names to be called; if you could note, as we have done, the dejection and utter loneliness of the few to whom no mail has come, and see them crawl into their pup tents, homesick to the marrower marrow of their bones; if you could know, as Satan knows, that at such moments their resistance is at low ebb, and that it is then he can get in some of his most effective work, you would make sure that every week would see at least one letter on its way to them.

We need not urge the mothers to write to their sons, as they are usually prompt and constant, but too often we hear young men say, "Gee, I wish Dad would write." Fathers, they need the strength which your words will bring to them. Your letter may arrive at a moment when it will save your boy from ruin.

As we waited for a train in a small town near a camp at midnight, we saw a lad sitting on the station platform. We asked him why he was alone, and where his buddies were. "They have gone for a night of revelry," he said, "and I am waiting to ride back to camp with them." When asked why he had not gone with them, he took a letter from his pocket and said, "It's from my Dad." He read one paragraph to us, which in substance was as follows: "I'm proud to have a son who can be trusted, who will meet every temptation manfully. Your mother and I believe in you."

"I'd be a traitor," said the lad, "if with this letter in my pocket, I'd disgrace those who trust me like that. I'd rather die than let them down."

What would have happened if that father had not written? Who would have shared the blame, if the boy had gone astray? Here, as elsewhere, there are casualties because of too little and too late. It is a soul-searching experience to have your letters returned with a notation that your son has gone where letters cannot reach him.

A good mother, in a small town, before she bade her only son goodby, embroidered her initials on the inside of his inner coat pocket. She did not say anything about it. When the boy got to camp, he saw the letters and recognized them as his

mother's initials. That evening he wrote this sentence: "Dear Mom: I want to thank you for putting those letters inside my coat pocket. I'll try to see to it that the coat does not go any place where your name could not go." That boy is safe in the army.

THE Church is doing much to keep contact with these men. They have received tickets of identification and service men's Church directories. We are now distributing the special pocket-size edition of The Book of Mormon and *Principles of the Gospel*. These are sent free to all men in the service, and New Testaments are furnished by other groups. Wherever it is possible, these men are being visited by members of the Priesthood, who organize them into groups that meetings may be held wherever they may go. We get word that Church services are being held by them on various battle-fronts, in Australia, Alaska, Africa, Asia, Europe, and America; but nothing which the Church may do can take the place of letters of love and encouragement from home.

But we must not write letters which have a depressing effect upon our sons. We should not emphasize the worries and despondencies which may annoy us at the time of writing. Nor should we criticize the conduct of the war or our leadership in our letters, as confidence and loyalty are basic to effective military service. Our letters should be buoyant, cheerful, full of hope. They should carry the contagion of a triumphant spirit.

Our men are now fighting to determine whether we shall have a country, homes, and churches, for these are definitely in danger.

For their sakes, we must guard our inherited forms of freedom and preserve the kind of society for which they are fighting. We must resist with all our power every attempt to introduce alien isms into our American system. But it is neither necessary nor wise to harrow up their feelings with political irritations, nor plant seeds of doubt where courage waits on faith.

Keeping contact with them during their service with the armed forces, understanding something of their problems, retaining their confidence by keeping them assured of our love, will insure their cooperation in the stupendous and delicate task which will confront all parents when the boys come home.

These 30,000 to 40,000 Latter-day Saint men will not return the same boys who went away. Some will have done a lot of sober thinking, will have discovered that in material and scientific fields old methods and the thinking which went with them did not suffice to meet the new demands. Their strong young minds will demand not only answers but reasons for those answers. They will feel the need of an assuring hand. We must be prepared to guide when the way seems dark, when heavy strain has impaired their vision; to help solve their problems, economic, educational, and spiritual; to convince them that truth is ageless and unchanging, and that there are some eternal, intangible verities. Others will have become accustomed to acting on emotional impulses, will almost have forgotten how to think.

They may not be willing to accept as true all that has authoritative sanc-

tion. An up-to-date knowledge of our changing world, an appreciation of their viewpoint will be needed, if these bewildered and soul-hungry young men returning from the battlefield are to be given bread and not a stone. Some of them will have lost their way, will be disillusioned and discouraged. Some of them will have yielded to temptation and will need help to regain self-confidence and the courage to try again. As they come back to the reserve lines which are held by us, they must find understanding, confidence and courage, intelligence and faith. We must keep the spiritual home fires burning by which to warm them back to vigor when they come in from this awful storm. Now is the time to begin to prepare for their coming, to take thought of the future—clear, rational, prayerful thought—before it is too late.

Those of them who return with physical wounds will be scientifically treated in the best institutions in the world with specialists in attendance. Everything possible will be done to restore their health, to heal their wounds, to compensate for lost abilities by establishing them in some suitable activity.

But upon the parents and the Church will rest the responsibility, not only of supplementing what the government may do, but of reestablishing their faith in life and in themselves. Spiritual hospitalization also calls for specialists who are dedicated to their tasks. Your tasks may be difficult and your problems baffling, but when we consider the Master's promise to those who "do it unto the least of these," we may know our first duty is to guard and guide our own, if we are to hear His approving, "Well done."

Our greeting, then, includes a plea to keep in touch with our service men, to write only such letters as will buoy them up and give them hope and confidence and courage, to start today to make provision for their homecoming, and to pray for guidance as we undertake the task of postwar rehabilitation. While they are in foreign lands, fighting to defend democracy, we will hold her banners so high at home that when they come marching—sailing—flying back to a chastened but triumphant America, in gratitude to God they'll say, "Surely this was worth fighting for," and they whose sons will not come back will humbly say, "Amen."

DAY END

Noel Bayliss

Splash of crimson in the sky
On a cloud just passing by—

Flash of crimson, smear of gold—
Copper where the hills are bold,
Treasures here untouched, untold,
Pouring from a hidden hold.

Kiss the sky and then away
Sunset, at the end of day.

Elder George Albert Smith

Elder Richard R. Lyman

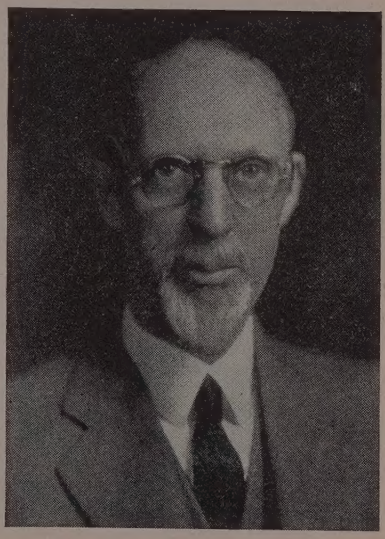
Member of the Council of the Twelve

BY the unanimous vote of his associates, George Albert Smith has been sustained as president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. From his birth up to this very hour, this mild and gentle but effective and affectionate leader has been prepared for this position by Divine Providence. And now by that same power he has been nominated for this exalted place.

John Smith, the great-grandfather of George Albert, and a presiding patriarch of the Church was an uncle of the Prophet Joseph Smith. George A. Smith, a member of the Council of Twelve, church historian, counselor to President Brigham Young, and the man who hauled the first load of stone for the Kirtland Temple was his grandfather. John Henry Smith, statesman, member of the Council of the Twelve, counselor to President Joseph F. Smith and a most eloquent and impressive defender of the faith was his father.

Distinguished as his ancestors were, yet in this new president of the Council of the Twelve we have a thoroughly worthy descendant of these illustrious leaders, one whose life and labors have already added luster to that family name which shines so brilliantly with deeds of patriotism and unselfish religious devotion.

All his days George Albert Smith has "gone about doing good." No cry of want or distress has ever

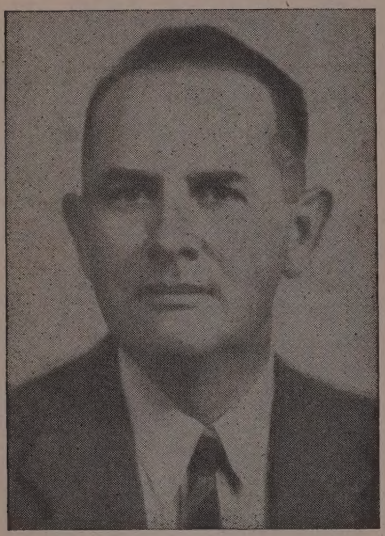


ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

reached his ears in vain. The sick, the afflicted, the needy, and the heavy-laden, all get a ready response if their appeals are made to him. Literally thousands of friends and associates hold in their hearts love, admiration, and esteem for this modest, unassuming, but truly great man and genuine Latter-day Saint.

Under the direction of George Albert Smith, the members of the Council of the Twelve are sure to be tied together by bonds of genuine affection, and unitedly and individually every member will have the freest possible opportunity, encouragement, and inspiration to do his best.

Spencer W. Kimball, The Arizona Apostle



ELDER SPENCER W. KIMBALL

SPENCER WOOLLEY KIMBALL, who was called to become a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles in July 1943, comes to the circle of the General Authorities of the Church with a rich heritage of Mormon pioneer ancestry and a varied and wide experience in Church discipline. His father, Andrew Kimball, was the son of that close friend and counselor of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Ann Alice Gheen. His mother, Olive Woolley, was a daughter of Edwin Dilworth Woolley and Mary Ann Olpin. Brother Woolley served as bishop of the 13th Ward for many years, the ward in which President Grant lived as a boy, and was also the business manager of President Young.

Elder Spencer Kimball was born in Salt Lake City, March 28, 1895, the sixth child in a family of eleven. When he was three years old, his father, who for ten years had been mission president of the Indian Territory, later the Central States Mission, was called to Arizona to serve as stake president of St. Joseph Stake over which he presided for over twenty-six years, until his death, serving as a civic, educational, economic and religious leader during the pioneer era. Here the young Spencer had close personal contact with prominent state officials and Church leaders, including President Joseph F. Smith and President Heber J. Grant. Under such circumstances Spencer absorbed the Church program and learned Church discipline.

Thrift and industry became a part of his life when still a mere child. His father gave to him and his sister Alice the potato crop from a small plot of land. The children dug the potatoes and putting them in their little red wagon, they sold all the crop, retaining the money except for ten per cent which the wise father had taught them should go for tithing. Among Spencer Kimball's papers today are tithing receipts from his potato-selling days to the current year.

The new member of the Twelve is prominent in the Southland where he is favorably known by many Ar-

(*Continued on page 55*)

Ezra Taft Benson Called To The Apostleship

WITH the appointment, July 27, 1943, of Ezra Taft Benson to be a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, the vacancy in the Quorum caused by the death of President Rudger Clawson has been filled. When called to his new position in the Church, Elder Benson was presiding over the Washington Stake, a position he has occupied for the past four years.

The new apostle was born in the small farming community of Whitney, Franklin County, Idaho, the son of George T. Benson and Sarah Dunckley. His great-grandfather, whose name he bears, was likewise a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, being ordained at Council Bluffs by President Brigham Young, July 16, 1846, and continuing to serve in the Quorum until the time of his death in 1869.

Elder Benson's interests have centered in farming, but he has availed himself of every opportunity which has offered itself to continue his education, and thus better qualify himself to serve the farming interests of our country. He attended Oneida Academy, the University of Idaho, and Brigham Young University. He received his master's degree from Iowa State College, and later completed two years of graduate work at the University of California.

After completing his college training, he settled in southern Idaho, engaged in farming and ran livestock and crop farms. While serving as

ELDER EZRA T. BENSON

extension economist and marketing specialist at the University of Idaho, he helped organize the Idaho Co-operative Council and became its secretary. His great ability, energy, and enthusiasm soon became nationally recognized, and resulted, in 1939, in his being selected as executive secretary of the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, a council composed of agricultural cooperative associations whose membership totals approximately two million farmers and poultry raisers, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. This position necessitated his moving to the nation's capital.

(*Continued on page 584*)

PRIMARY ASSOCIATION PRESIDENCY

Left to right: First Counselor LaVern W. Parmley, President Adele Cannon Howells, and Second Counselor Dessie G. Boyle.

New General Presidency Of The Primary Association

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

ON July 20, 1943, the general presidency of the Primary Association of the Church was reorganized with Adele Cannon Howells as president, LaVern W. Parmley, first counselor, and Dessie G. Boyle, second counselor. This reorganization was occasioned by the death, on May 2, 1943, of May Green Hinckley, the third general president of the Primary Association. This new presidency will bring to the Association a strong combination of leadership, for these sisters are qualified by experience, training, and ability to carry forward successfully this important work. Added to their native leadership is a clear vision of the aims and purposes of the Association —an intimate and detailed knowledge of the organization and a thorough acquaintance with its program. All of these qualifications are backed by an unquestioned faith in God, an understanding of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and a living testimony of its divine character. They have, individually, that deep and sympathetic understanding of children that comes to mothers. They know, through their own experience, the importance of training the child in his tender years.

Each member of the presidency has a long and outstanding record of public service. President Howells is

(*Continued on page 566*)

L.D.S. Men In The Armed Service

Elder Milton Bennion

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union

THE problem of evil, both physical and moral, is one of the most difficult of solution. It has been a puzzle to many great thinkers, through the ages, in the realms of both religion and philosophy. Yet evil in this world seems to be necessary. In the language of Jesus, "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." (Matt. 18:7)

War is one of these offenses, and insofar as we are concerned at present, it "must needs be." It has now become our responsibility to administer woe to those by whom the war came. A major problem for American soldiers is to see that they do not permit the war to bring upon themselves moral and spiritual deterioration, however ghastly the combat may be, or however tempting the opportunities offered them for moral relaxation. Maintaining high moral and spiritual standards is one of the most helpful means of bringing the war to a speedy end. Furthermore, the character qualities of the returning soldier-citizens will be a major factor in establishing a just and lasting peace.

What are the obligations of Latter-day Saint men in the armed forces other than mere performance of their military duties? They have obligations to God and to their fellowmen that are most binding. They are fighting to uphold the sacred rights of man, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind. Their first allegiance is to God and the God-given principles for which they, as Latter-day Saints, stand. These are not at variance with their obligations to their country and their fellowmen everywhere. Their own individual comfort and personal safety are subordinate to these higher religious obligations and their own spiritual salvation.

It is a great mistake for any man, under any circumstances, to lower his moral and religious standards either to harmonize his conduct with the crowd, or to indulge his appetites and passions. Any popularity or satisfactions thus gained are very fleeting and ultimately disastrous. A little use of the moral imagination, foreseeing remote consequences of conduct, will make this clear, and should be a powerful factor in forestalling such grave mistakes.

Strict adherence to the high standards of the gospel not only preserves the self-respect of the individual, but it also secures the respect of fair-minded, thinking associates. These persons have high regard for one who adheres strictly to the standards of conduct to which he is committed as a member of a religious body. This, however, does not mean that a man should behave as did many of the Pharisees of New Testament times. A holier-than-thou attitude is always obnoxious. It is the opposite of that attitude—humility and

(*Continued on page 553*)

The Bee Hive House

Rachel G. Taylor

NINETY years ago when the Bee Hive House was being built, with its spacious rooms, lovely recessed windows, and dignified encircling porch, it must have appeared as a veritable palace to the pioneers. From its outlook tower was afforded an unobstructed view of the entire valley. New trains of emigrants could be seen as soon as they emerged from Emigration Canyon, and Indian bands detected when still many miles away. Although 1855 is given as the date of the completion of the house, brief entries in the journal of Truman O. Angell, architect, show that it was planned early in 1852.

The first mention of Brigham Young's new house was made January 7, 1852. This entry gives a glimpse of the many projects under way at that time:

> . . . the president then asked what jobs on hand not finished that we expected to finish in 1852. He then names the Tabernacle, Eldredge House, Benson, Parley P. Pratt's, L. T. Johnson, B. Young barn, B. Young office, barn on the Church farm, State House, wall around Temple Square, if possible build a house for the historian and one for Brigham Young.

Other entries concerning the house are found under the dates:

> February 3-4, '52—Took minutes for plan of Brigham Young's house.
>
> February 7-15—I have been engaged on a multitude of subjects. The chief of which was on the governor's house, making out the design &C.
>
> April 28, '53—Called for the earth to be cleared of rubbish that I might stake out the president's house.
>
> May 3, '53—Laid out the president's house or found the corners . . . the wind blew too much to proceed further. Left the work and went to my office, made ready the bill for timber and joists for said house.
>
> May 4, 53—Been this day, until four o'clock afternoon, sticking stakes for various partitions and showing the workman where and how to trace them at digging out the earth.
>
> May 9, '53—Continued the design of details of the president's house. It is to be a good house.
>
> May 16th—This day I have been at the design of the observatory of the president's house.
>
> Nov. 25, '53—I went from my room to the president's house to take the oversight of the erection. I found it my duty to act as the foreman of the mason work as the building was difficult to build.

A reference telling of the completion of the Bee Hive House is found in a letter of August 3rd, 1855, written by Heber C. Kimball and published in the *Millennial Star*, November 17, 1855. He gives many details of progress in Zion, one item stating that:

> President Young's first big house is now finished and complete and also the Church office. They are now putting the shingles on his second big house and thy will have it enclosed this week.

An early application of the name "Bee Hive" to his house, before it was built, is found in the *Journal History*:

> July 9, 1852—Thomas Bullock commenced clerking in my new office, immediately west of my "Bee-Hive Mansion." (*History of Brigham Young*, page 62.)

It would appear from these two references that the governor's office

BEE HIVE HOUSE AS IT APPEARED PRIOR TO OCTOBER 1855

was built before the president's office.

A careful study of an old photograph of the Bee Hive, Lion House, and Church Office buildings from the files in the Historian's Office, reveals some interesting facts. There is no date on the picture, but as the Lion does not appear on the battlement porch, it was taken before Oct. 31, 1855 as the *Deseret News*, volume 5, page 269, of that date, tells of the placement of the Lion. The picture shows that the office buildings, which for long years have been one unit, were originally two buildings. A magnifying glass reveals the inscription "Governor's Office" on one building and "President's Office" and "Tithing Office" on the other. The picture shows the original size of the Bee Hive House with the north portion of the building only a story and a half high. Across the front of the roof is a decorative motif, later removed.

The spacious two-story porch with its colonial columns is one of the outstanding features of this house today. Yet for almost twenty years the upstairs porch had no roof. A picture of the first bicycle made in Utah, in 1872, taken near the Eagle Gate, shows the porch of the Bee Hive House having its round posts changed to square pillars and being carried up the two full stories.

In building the Bee Hive House, cut granite was used for the foundation, red sandstone for flagging, steps, and cellar floors. The 24-inch walls and 15-inch main partitions were of sun-baked adobe, while pine from nearby canyons furnished the heavy timbers and the wood for inside trim. The outside walls were plastered and tinted a straw color. The woodwork was painted white. Green shutters were hung on all large windows.

THE most detailed and enlightening description of this house has been given by Clarissa Young Spencer, a daughter of Brigham Young,

SOUTHEAST PARLOR AS IT APPEARS TODAY
A view of the back parlor may be seen in the mirror.

whose home was within its walls until six years after her marriage. Her account makes it possible to visualize some of the rooms and their furnishings.[1] On either side of the wide front door were tall panel windows with small panes of glass. There was a beautiful silver doorknob and an ingenious metal slide that rang a doorbell of highly resounding quality. The entrance was in the center of the south wall and a wide hall extended the length of the main building. At the north end was a long staircase with native or grained mahogany balustrade. The walls of the hall were painted to represent great blocks of marble in shades of tan and brown. The woodwork was grained to represent oak. The stair carpet was held in place by German silver stair rods. A lamp on the newel posts supplied light at night.

Off the hall to the right was one of the two spacious parlors of the home. It had recessed windows on the south and east. The walls were painted a soft green and the floor was covered with a three-ply ingrain carpet. A high mantel piece was built between the east windows. A coal-oil lamp at each end of the mantel supplied the light. On each side of the clock in the center was a china dog with long brown ears. A

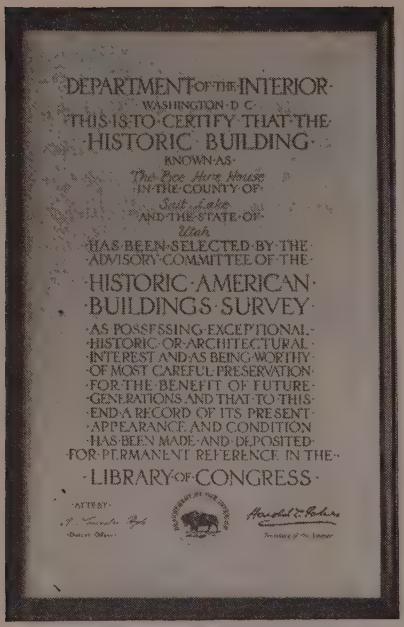
[1]Information gleaned from manuscript, "The Bee-Hive House 1854-1888" by Clarissa Young Spencer, and her book, *One Who Was Valiant*, Spencer-Harmer.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S BEDROOM AS IT APPEARS TODAY

large drop-leaf table stood in the middle of the room. A secretary was placed on the north wall and a square United Makers grand piano on the west one. Comfortable chairs with cherry stain and gold trim made especially for the house were to be found in front of each window, and about the center table. There were small chairs for the children. This room was used as a sitting room as well as a parlor. It was the place President Young ate his morning meal. Dinner was eaten at four-thirty each day with his families in the Lion House.

President Young's bedroom was opposite the parlor. The woodwork was grained oak, the wall a soft pink. It had two recessed windows with Nottingham curtains. A wall mirror and his washstand were between them. On the west wall were the doors leading to his office, a "Lady Franklin" stove and a wall cupboard where, among other things, he kept rock candy and raisins as a treat for his children. A large chair, a table, secretary and bed, with a bedside table and high brass candlesticks completed the furnishings.

On the second floor was the main parlor and the blue and pink bedrooms. The pink room was Clarissa's. The woodwork was grained in bird's-eye maple. This room was sixteen feet square. In recent years the high ceiling has been lowered five feet. The parlor, or "Long Hall" as it was called, faced southeast on the second floor. This had a fine coved ceiling with modeled plaster molding running the length of the room. The floor was covered with


DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON D C
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE
HISTORIC BUILDING
KNOWN AS
The Bee Hive House
IN THE COUNTY OF
Salt Lake
AND THE STATE OF
Utah
HAS BEEN SELECTED BY THE
ADVISORY COMMITTEE OF THE
HISTORIC AMERICAN
BUILDINGS SURVEY
AS POSSESSING EXCEPTIONAL
HISTORIC OR ARCHITECTURAL
INTEREST AND AS BEING WORTHY
OF MOST CAREFUL PRESERVATION
FOR THE BENEFIT OF FUTURE
GENERATIONS AND THAT TO THIS
END A RECORD OF ITS PRESENT
APPEARANCE AND CONDITION
HAS BEEN MADE AND DEPOSITED
FOR PERMANENT REFERENCE IN THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
ATTEST

GOVERNMENT CERTIFICATE TESTIFYING TO THE HISTORIC VALUE OF THE BEE HIVE HOUSE

a pale gray carpet with a pattern of bunches of roses and green leaves. There were lace curtains and rose-colored lambrequins on gold cornices at the windows. Underneath a large mirror in a beautiful gold frame was a table containing a basket of flowers made of colored shells. Two "Lady Franklin" stoves supplied the heat. Two large couches constructed so that when pushed together they made a fine bed, some rocking chairs, and decorated straight wooden chairs completed the furnishings. Light was furnished from the coal-oil lamps with attractive frosted shades of two chandeliers hanging from the lofty ceiling.

The stairway leading to the top floor was circular. Here there were two garret rooms just alike. In each was a half diamond-shaped window. From the east room a short flight of steps led to the observatory tower on which stood the beehive. The narrow rail-enclosed roof platform extended the width of the house. The *Journal History* of July 4, 1867, page 7, tells of a band playing from this elevated spot as part of the day's celebration.

The addition at the north of the house was a story and a half. There were located the buttery, "the men's dining room," the big kitchen, bedrooms, and the room housing the family store. The dining room was heated in early days by a fireplace, later replaced by a stove. A large table surrounded by chairs stood in the center. At each end of the table was a six-inch pedestal holding a coal-oil lamp. A bright rag carpet laid over straw covered the floor. At the north end was a built-in bake oven. Back of the dining room was the kitchen. It had all the conveniences available at that time. There was a washstand with a roller towel, a looking glass, and a tin wash basin. There was a large sink completely lined with tin by the kitchen door. Outside that door the waste water was thrown into a sunken stone square with an outlet that emptied into a cesspool. later a drain from the sink to the hopper was built. The kitchen had deep cupboards reaching to the ceiling with space underneath for wood box and later for coal hods. Next was a large cook stove, then another set of cupboards from floor to ceiling with drawers for towels and table linens, and shelves for pots and pans. Two large tables with chairs at each

THE BEE HIVE HOUSE

end provided working space. Both the dining room and kitchen walls were whitewashed. The stairways to the cellar and upper story led from the men's dining room. In the large cool stone-flagged cellar were cupboards filled with great earthen jars of preserves. There were swinging shelves for the milk pans and a long table with a large polished stone slab for making piecrust in summer. From cellar to garret there were, in all, fourteen rooms in the original home. The outside of the house was not neglected. Besides a beautiful flower garden there were extensive vegetable gardens and an orchard of fruit trees extending some distance to the east.

A high cobblestone wall with tapering circular pillars at regular intervals was built around all of President Young's property. The Eagle Gate, erected in 1859, was the main carriage entrance. "One very fine carriage used only on state occasions, was housed on the southeast corner of the enclosure between the cobblerock wall and the Eagle Gate. . . . The carriage was run into the carriage house on heavy planks which were laid over a shallow tank of water. An elevated trough carried the water into this tank and was used for washing the carriage and emptied into the running stream."[2] This stone wall remained until a year after President Young's death. The *Journal History* of December 16, 1878, page 2, states:

> The last two or three weeks an iron ornamental fence has been put in front of President B. Young's Bee-Hive House, the wall having been torn down to make

(*Continued on page 556*)

[2]Information gleaned from manuscript, "The Bee Hive House 1854-1888," by Clarissa Young Spencer and her book, *One Who Was Valiant*, Spencer-Harmer.

Short-story Writing

Pearl Spencer

Department of English, Logan Senior High School

Another article on Short-story Writing by Pearl Spencer appeared in the June-Jul issue of the *Magazine*, page 389.

EDITORS agree that the chief difference between the gifted amateur and the writer who gets his stories published is not sincerity, understanding, or keen observation, for in any of these an amateur may be actually superior to a given professional. No, one must have another qualification to win prizes or sell stories—a technique. Having learned how to use material effectively, a writer may produce good, bad, or mediocre stories, according to her conscience and talents; but at least she'll have a possibility of marketing them. Until she has acquired a technique, however, she must be satisfied with the plaudits of loyal friends and the joy of writing for the fun of it.

To point out some of the elements of short-story technique, "Eighteen in August," by Roma Rose, is here reprinted by permission of the author and *Collier's* magazine. This story has been chosen because it is the kind of story anyone of us might think of writing, and, at the same time, it is expertly enough done to be acceptable to a magazine that places a very high premium indeed on expertness.

In considering the story, "Eighteen in August," we find that there is nothing new about the theme: the struggle between the possessive mother and her child. Many authors have capitalized on its poignancy; it has appeared in *The Relief Societ Magazine* recurrently, and it is with in anyone's ken, for one need no leave her neighborhood to encounte it.

If the choice of theme is the firs step in planning the story, a rathe general plot situation must next b formulated. In this story, a youn man, at the one moment when h might best free himself from h mother's possessiveness, cannot tea himself away, and as a result lives life essentially incomplete.

So far, any of us could do about a well. But now the question arise as to how to tell the story. How t depict the struggle and the decisio How to dramatize the long, empt years. How to give a striking co clusion to a story in which the whol point is that nothing happens—giv it short-story form, in fact.

"Eighteen in August" is one an swer to these questions. In a fe hundred words, Mrs. Rose tells ho Professor Locke diffidently persuade young Woodbridge to make the d cision that offers him freedom soul. The rest of the story leave us alone with the Professor, who di not achieve that freedom for hin self. And suddenly we see that th story of the lad is also and primari the story of the Professor's own yout and the decision he also had to mak The turning point in his life has al

een revealed and the life-long consequences of his choice.

The all-important unity of the tory is never threatened by this device, for it is the Professor's story rom the first word. It is seen through is eyes; he creates its emotional tone. Ve have finished with the lad when e makes his decision. It is with the rofessor that we survey the future.

Unity is also insured by the clarity ith which the issue is defined: the ght of a son to possess his own soul. t is in no sense a plea that boys go nto the army instead of medicine, nat they marry before they march way, or that they ignore the advice f their mothers. And notice that ne issue is defined by the characters, ot lectured about by the author.

Note also the care with which the uthor has worked to make her characters convincing even though they re types, of course, not individuals n the true sense. The mothers are harming, vigorous, companionable omen, the kind who could hold inelligent sons. The young man and ne old are sensitive, loyal, and conscientious, but without the emotional drive that translates feelings into ction. They are also the sort whose ork is absorbing enough to make n almost satisfactory substitute for ther things, leaving not too much me for "quiet desperation."

Another important part of the plot onstruction is the preparation made or the Professor's words to become decisive factor in the boy's life. Too often a talk, a picture, a single ncident will be made the deciding actor in a story without the reader's eeing why it has such power. This as been a baleful weakness in too nany "moral" stories. A reader will accept the fact that the right word at the right time may alter a whole life, but he certainly ought to know why it was the right word and why the time was ripe for it.

Study the extreme economy of explanation, the point where the unskillful writer so often bogs down. It would be an excellent exercise to expand this story, to discover whether its effectiveness would be increased by more detail. The sparseness of description may bother you, and again, it would be instructive to amplify it and compare results. (And here it might be mentioned parenthetically, that the stories in the files of the *Magazine* reveal that Utah women have a feeling for atmosphere, for the homely, memorable detail, for the color of every-day living that lends authenticity to many an otherwise almost formless narrative. It is a gift to cultivate, never to sacrifice to glibness and stock phrases.)

In writing this story, of course, Mrs. Rose was working under the severe restrictions imposed by the short-short story—"a most difficult form" she writes, and one which too often emerges a sketch or incident. It will be interesting to decide if and where she might have expanded it under different length requirements, or whether it has the "inevitable length" that Somerset Maugham uses as one test of a good story.

And when you come to the end of "Eighteen in August" pause long to admire the ending. It's hard to get a story of this kind ended effectively. When an author sums up a story in so perfect a bit of dramatic irony, we take off our hats to a job well done.

Along with any plea for aspiring writers to struggle to master the techniques of their craft, a warning should be sounded against too much devotion to the authors who have achieved publication with deft, "smart" writing which has little else to recommend it. This cheapening of talent can be followed in its stages by reading the groping but impassioned early work of some of our living American writers, and then comparing it with their deft but unmoving and insignificant current stories. They are like people who acquire social aplomb at the expense of character and individuality. For although sincerity, an honest point of view, and genuine emotion cannot, in and of themselves, make good stories, no stories can be worth the writing without them.

Eighteen In August

By Roma Rose

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PROFESSOR LOCKE listened, nodding soberly from time to time.

"With his I.Q. of 137," the woman was saying, "he can carry this schedule. That leaves Saturday afternoons and Tuesdays and Thursdays from four to six for his laboratory work, and, of course, Sundays."

She was the mother of one of his students—a tall, handsome woman with straight black brows in a strong and intelligent face. She had come to get her son through his premedical course in two years instead of three, so that he would be deferred from the draft as a full medical student as soon as he was eighteen.

Professor Locke glanced again at the record of George Woodbridge on the desk before him. Nothing but A's and B's. One of his best students.

"It might be possible," he said. "But I don't think it is advisable."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Woodbridge said, looking at him with a contradicting stare.

"He hasn't been doing so well lately."

"He's worried, naturally," she said. "Once we get this settled, he'll be all right."

"I don't believe he can do it—even if I were to allow him to try. But I'll go into the matter thoroughly. His transcript—everything. I do not feel justified in giving my consent without considering the entire case."

She rose to go. "I know you won't be too academic about this, Professor. It is more than just a matter of credits and points." She managed a smile, charming, persuasive. "As long as I live, I will feel that you have saved my son for me."

"I will consider it carefully," he said. "Goodby, Mrs. Woodbridge."

Professor Locke walked down the hall and found young Woodbridge in the laboratory. "Mr. Woodbridge,

I want to speak to you. As soon as you can, come into my office."

The young man straightened. "Yes, sir. I can come now."

He had smooth, light brown hair, and he ran his hand over it. His eyes were gray and larger than his mother's. He must resemble his father, Professor Locke thought.

"Your mother has been here."

The young man blushed as he walked along. "She said she was coming in."

"So you want to hurry up and be a doctor?"

"Well—yes, sir."

At the office, the young man opened the door for Professor Locke and then followed him inside.

"Sit down, Mr. Woodbridge. What made you want to study medicine?"

"Well, I always knew that's what I was going to do. My mother and I have talked about it and planned for it since I was a kid."

Professor Locke fingered the paperweight on his desk.

"Let's see—you'll be eighteen in August . . . How do you feel about going into the Army?"

The boy breathed once before he lifted his eyes. His features, clear-cut though they were, now blurred with indecision.

"I really don't know, sir." There was a pause. "It doesn't seem like the Great Adventure, certainly. And I'm not attracted by any of the hero stuff—but I keep feeling—" He hurried now, faster as he went—"I keep feeling I ought to go. I'm not married. I'm not prepared for my profession yet. What I mean is: I haven't as much to lose as most of them."

"So you've decided—" Professor Locke prompted helpfully.

The boy flushed. "But my mother—" he said. "And of course, as she says, we'll be needing doctors after it's over. It can't last forever." He swallowed. "I'll do my best, sir, to carry the work."

"I'm sure you would." Professor Locke paused. "In your own mind, though, you think you should go. Is that right?"

"I don't know for sure. But I'm afraid that's the way it looks to me." He put both his feet firmly on the floor.

"Sometimes," Professor Locke said, "it is difficult to distinguish between responsibility and dependency in our relations with our fellow human beings."

The young man was thoughtful. "I'm not sure I know what you mean, sir."

"Whether we are responsible for them, or dependent on them," the professor explained. "The distinction is fine."

For the first time in years, he could remember Katharine's face clearly as they stood on the steps of the Chemistry Building that spring night in 1917. And the bitterness in her voice as she had said, *"I know why she wants us to wait until you come back . . . but it's not her life. It's yours —and mine."*

"The distinction is fine," he said again. "Sometimes almost indistinguishable."

The boy looked at him, puzzled, trying to understand.

Professor Locke knew that look well. "I talk like a bad textbook," he said and laughed in his classroom manner. "Let me put it this way:

It is exceedingly difficult to hurt those whom we love, or who love us." He knew he was hiding behind words but he was getting closer.

"Yes, sir. It is."

So difficult, Professor Locke thought, looking at this boy's face, at the uncertainty in his young eyes, that he will not be able to do it—alone.

"What I am trying to say to you, George, is this: In the life of nearly every man, there comes a time when he must say no to his mother. When his own judgment must be his only guide."

"You really think so, sir?" The boy's voice was hopeful.

"I know it." The professor did not move until the words had come, harshly. Then he leaned back in his chair, stiff and brittle . . . old.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir. I believe that, too. But my mother —" He hesitated. "She's pretty determined. It won't be easy."

I could settle it, Professor Locke thought quickly. I could say: No, he can't carry this heavy schedule. He's too young. But that's not the point.

"It's up to you, Woodbridge," he said.

For one long, wavering moment, the boy sat there. He ran his hand nervously over his smooth brown hair. Then it was over.

"I'll do it," he said quietly, surely. He got up. "I don't know how. It will be awful. But thank you, sir." He took a step to the door. "Thank you, sir."

Professor Locke came around the desk. "I am not sending you out to die," he said, self-conscious at his own seriousness. "That is not my decision to make. Nor yours. This is something else. I don't know if you understand, but I admire you. I hope you will come back. I'd like to see you finish here. Good luck, Mr. Woodbridge." He put out his hand, and the young man clasped it.

PROFESSOR LOCKE sat down slowly. His heart was pounding. He was very tired, but he must get home now; he was expected. He was never later than five o'clock.

He filled his brief case with orderly stacks of papers. He buttoned his overcoat carefully to the top and went out.

His mother was waiting in her chair, her thick white hair looking vigorous and handsome and well kept. Her knitting lay in her lap. He bent and touched his lips to the cheek she offered.

"And how was it today, son?" She was always so interested in everything he did. "Did you have a hard day? You look tired."

"No," he said. "I had a good day."

"I'm so glad. What happened?"

"Nothing." Usually he told her the little high lights, arranging them with care, making them seem important. "I had some conferences . . . one of my best students is going into the Army."

"What a shame!" She sighed and picked up her knitting. "You know, dear," she said, "I'm so thankful that you're over the draft age. I couldn't let you go. You're all I've got." She gave him a bright, loving smile.

"Yes. Mother," he said. "And you're all I've got." He went into his study and closed the door.

Dixie Pioneers

Florence Ivins Hyde

MOST stories of pioneer life depict the conquering of a wilderness by men and women who trekked through snows, forded treacherous rivers, climbed mountainsides, ate the dust of the desert, fought starvation, and drank the brackish waters of new lands, and, for the most part, they never turned back. We sometimes wonder, why they didn't.

The Dixie pioneers of Utah were no exception to the rule. In the ride between Salt Lake City and St. George, as one drinks in the beauty of the peach and cherry blossoms, the rock formations, unsurpassed in coloring, it is difficult to realize the sacrifice that went into the roads that make this pleasure possible. Only a few years ago there were no roads. They had to be made as the people went along, and only the stout of heart could survive the difficulties.

Still, their pioneer life was not all tragedy. There was some romance and some humor, but these were the "purple patches" of their lives. For the most part, their way was long and weary, and life was a constant struggle.

Perhaps the women of this group felt the hardships the most. They saw their husbands grow old before their time. They watched their children die young, and there were times when they heard their children cry for food. But through it all they stood by their men. One woman has said that more than once she had decided to "set her husband up" for taking them into such an undesirable place, but when he would come home at night, he "looked so tired she hadn't the heart."

The life experiences of my own grandparents and parents are typical of a class among the Mormons of that time. They hardly became settled in one place before they were called to settle a new place: always trying to make something from nothing.

To us who live in this world of ultra-sophistication, the stories of this pioneer life appear like the grimmest reality. In those early days the journey from Salt Lake to St. George, which now can be made in eight hours, required four weeks. Each night the tents had to be pitched, beds made down, and food cooked. Occasionally it became necessary to "lay over" a day to wash clothes and bake bread, which had to be done in a small bake skillet. Sometimes they were delayed because their horses and oxen sank in the mud, and it was with great difficulty that they were rescued. In certain places quicksand was encountered from which the animals were never recovered. In case of a storm they must spend a day drying their bedding over the bushes.

Journeying farther South, the sun grew hot, the wind dry, dust and sand and more dust and sand, but through it all they journeyed on. Some of those original pioneers were men and women who had known the comforts that comparative wealth can give. A

few were of the type who could never take root in new soil, but, on the whole, these Dixie pioneers never questioned the wisdom of their choice in following the command of their leaders.

As they prepared for their journey into the South in 1861, their instructions were to "travel light." Their leader, Erastus Snow, my grandfather, said to them:

> I do not feel that it will be wisdom for us to load ourselves down with household furniture, but if a woman wishes to take her rocking chair along, let her take it, for that will probably make her more comfortable than any other article of furniture. I wish our brethren to supply themselves with tools to work in the ground, such as spades, shovels, picks, etc. We can find plenty of timber for making bedsteads and other articles of furniture.

He asked to have a carding machine taken, as well as any musical instruments, music books or school books that the people could collect.

Their instructions were to locate at the junction of the Santa Clara and Virgin Rivers, and by the time they reached Black Volcanic Ridge, it was apparent that they had a difficult problem to solve. It was here that they unloaded and dismantled their wagons, letting them down over the cliffs, one part after another. It was here, too, that the wife of Johnny Pym, an English convert, gave birth to a child. Both the mother and child were let down over the ridge.

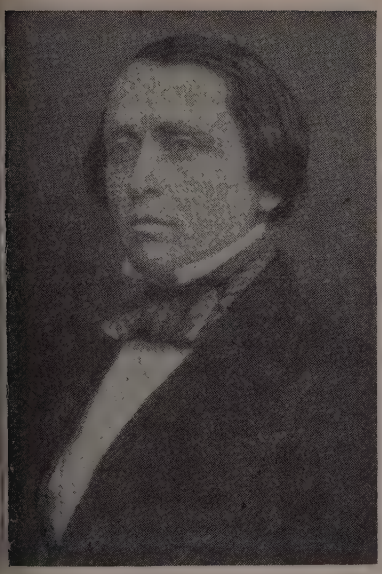
One wonders how these pioneers endured those first hard years in southern Utah. For thirty years they fought the elements, before they finally subdued them. Their crops dried up because no rain came in time, or too much rain brought floods which destroyed their dams. But when these dams went out, oth ers were built. At one time it rained forty days. Rivers and creeks over flowed their banks carrying along barns, homes, furniture, even men women, and children, some of whom were never rescued. But Erastu Snow's motto was, "Remain and conquer." He said:

> Never travel without a shovel no matte where you go. And if you see a rock tha should be removed, remove it, and if yo see a low place that needs to be filled, ge out and throw in some dirt.

Hardly were their tents pitched be fore they laid their plans for a per manent settlement with houses, cor rals, and fences. My grandfathe Israel Ivins, had surveyed the lan so that the allotments could be made Men were sent to scout out a roa into the mountains in order to obtai wood, cedar, and pine, for furnitur Every male over fourteen years o age was required to work three day each year in improving roads.

All kinds of artisans had bee called to Dixie by Brigham Youn masons, blacksmiths, painters, pla terers, and carpenters. One man the called "Chairmaker Bleak," who wa an artist in his line. The beds we four-poster beds with rope spring on which were laid straw or corn husk mattresses, or if a family wa lucky, a feather bed. Chairs we built with rawhide seats.

The people lived in tents and wa ons, often sleeping in beds wet b the rain. If the sun shone next da the bedding was hung on bushes t dry. These tents were called Sible tents and were round, with two doo opposite each other. As time we



ERASTUS SNOW, LEADER OF THE DIXIE PIONEERS, AND ELIZABETH ASHBY SNOW, HIS WIFE, WITH THEIR FIRST CHILD, ELIZABETH SNOW (MRS. ANTHONY W. IVINS)

on, Grandfather Snow found it necessary to build a little room back of one door for an extra bedroom. That winter President Young came down and occupied that room. Mother tells of being awakened in the night by a terrific wind, and seeing grandma standing in the middle of the tent holding up the pole, while grandfather drove deeper the stakes that held the tent. This tent room served as living room, dining room, and bedroom. In summer, the family cooked, washed, ironed, and ate outside in a bowery covered with grapevines. Often, just at meal time, a strong wind would come up, filling the food with sand.

DURING these early years the mail came through only once in several weeks. After the outbreak of the Civil War, the war news came on strips of paper of different colors, about eight inches wide and one yard long. They were called telegrams. Grandfather Snow subscribed for these telegrams, and when they arrived, the men would come together in his tent where the news was read by Brother Bleak, who "was a very good reader."

The struggle which took so much from the people physically, developed their resourcefulness, and they really enjoyed solving many of their problems. When they first arrived, their children's dresses were made from wagon covers colored with dye made from "dockroot," logwood, and blueing. In dyeing wool, if they wanted it variegated in color, strings

were tied tightly around the yarn at intervals. Until a woolen factory was established in the nearby town of Washington, the mothers spun the yarn and wove it into cloth for their children's clothes, or they learned to make over dresses from used ones sent them by relatives in faraway places. As they became more prosperous, the little girls wore red flannel skirts and white blouses called "posies," blouses with little peplums.

Caps for the children were made of numerous layers of paper pasted together and shaped over a little brass kettle, then covered with bits of cloth. Hats for men were made from the gleanings from the wheat fields. My grandmother would braid and sew a man's hat in one day and sell it for five dollars to the gold seekers who passed on their way to California. She would, also, make by hand, in one day, a man's stiff shirt with a tucked bosom, which she would sell for seven dollars.

For the first few years, the most serious problem was that of food, which was so scarce the people rarely had enough to eat. The few cows in the town were called for in the morning by boys who took them into the hills where there was a little grass, and who brought them back at night. Sometimes the children had to wait a long time for the cow to come, and when she did come, they often got "no more than a teacupful of milk apiece." Sometimes the cow strayed away and did not get home at all, and the children went to bed hungry.

Breakfast consisted of corn bread and bran coffee, and supper of cornmeal mush. Later, after the flour mill was built, they had griddle cakes made of biscuit dough rolled thin and fried in butter.

The hot summers made it almost impossible to keep food palatable. Milk would not keep sweet from morning until night. The butter would melt, the water was warm. All the housewife could do to cool the water was to wrap the water barrel in a wet blanket or carpet. The family dipper always hung on the side of the barrel. Occasionally, relatives from Salt Lake would send a few dried beans or apples. Always tucked away in the sack would be found a box of needles or pins, or a spool of thread.

The first store was established by men from California, in the basement of the Snow house, called the "Big House." The men were boarded by my grandmother who lived upstairs. When Christmas came, they wished to make her a "nice" present, so gave her the "makings of a rice pudding—rice, eggs, and raisins"; she furnished the milk.

FROM the very beginning these pioneers tried to have a school, even while they lived in tents. Sister Everett and later Sister Snell taught the children to read. My father tells about the boys crawling under the sides of the school tent and running away. "But," he says, "the girls never ran away." The great teacher of the time was Richard Horne. He did for these little children of Dixie what Karl G. Maeser did for the adults of the Church.

These early days produced some unique characters, one of whom was "Aunt Mary Gates," a sister of Erastus Snow and wife of Jacob Gates. She had no children of her own, but

gathered the children of the town around her, and taught them Greek and Roman history, and even astronomy, which she tried to explain by using apples and sometimes oranges for the planets. She developed a unique philosophy. She would declare:

> Why dress children up and then scold them if they get dirty? . . . Why iron sheets in hot weather? Why not fold them up and sit on them? It is a great accomplishment to know what to slight. . . . When a person cooks one chicken for fifteen people, she should make plenty of gravy.

No small problem was that of the pioneers' relationship with the Indians, who resented the coming of the white man and on several occasions waylaid travelers and murdered them. Grandfather's method of dealing with them was similar to that of Brigham Young's. When Indians came into St. George in crowds, he would kill a beef and divide it among them. He largely solved the Indian problem, for no one, with the exception of Jacob Hamblin, had greater influence with them.

At one time when they were boys, my father and Uncle Willard Snow did not return from a rabbit hunt. Jacob Hamblin went with a group to hunt for them, finding them prisoners at an Indian camp. When he told the Indians that one boy was a son of Erastus Snow, they immediately released them.

Old Mokiac was a patriarch, the chief of the Piutes. He had two sons, Mokiac and Limpy, who was crippled. Both were "mean." One day Mokiac appeared at President Snow's home and asked his wife for food. She gave him meat, and bread and butter. Then he demanded tea. She said she had none, whereupon he pulled out his knife and flourished it about to frighten her. Fortunately, her son walked in and the Indian left; but Erastus Snow demanded of Old Mokiac that his son be punished, not by the whites, but by the Indians themselves. He was brought into the town by them and tied to the Liberty Pole where his father whipped him with a black whip, while the people looked on.

AS the years passed by, the people began to have more conveniences and could think more of parties, of dramatics, and various types of entertainment. But many of the men who had helped to make this entertainment possible, never lived to see that day. At one time Erastus Snow reported to the Authorities of the Church that they had thirty or forty young widows who would have to rear their families alone. One man who had been "called" refused to stay, saying he would not give up his farm up north for the whole of southern Utah. Brother Adams, the poet laureate, wrote a song about it for one of the gatherings, wherein he sang, "He measured Mormon Dixie by the breadth of his thumbnail."

Those pioneers of Dixie conquered the wilderness as other pioneers have done. It was a physical struggle to conquer physical obstacles. That strange mysterious thing which prompts men and women to answer the call of duty buoyed them up. They did not want pity nor ask for glory. They left their sons and daughters as a monument to their lives. Many places in the town today have stories behind them—where they

(*Continued on page 559*)

Chastity

The following statements are reprinted herewith because of the vi present-day need for the message which they contain:

President Joseph F. Smith—

"THERE are at least three dangers that threaten the Church within. . As I see these they are the flattery of prominent men in the wor false educational ideas, and sexual impurity.

"But the third subject mentioned—personal purity, is perhaps of great importance than either of the other two. We believe in one standard morality for men and women. If purity of life is neglected, all other dang set in upon us like the rivers of waters when the flood gates are opene —*Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 391-392.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.—

"CHASTITY is fundamental to our life and to our civilization. If t race becomes unchaste, it will perish. Immorality has been basic the destruction of mighty nations in the past. It will bring to dust t mighty nations of the present.

"Every one of us who instructs our youth, in whatever place or positio and in whatever capacity, must teach the young people of today to absta from unchastity. We must surround our teachings with due and prop reserve and modesty. We must approach and teach the youth as the ch dren of God, with spirits that are to live throughout eternity, and tell the plainly and clearly that the laws of God, and of man also, demand th they live chaste. If we shall teach anything less than this, we will destr our youth and we will bring ourselves under a condemnation which is t great to be fathomed by the human mind.

"In what I have said I include all of us parents. How can we paren face our Maker if we have failed in one featherweight to meet the du which is ours in these matters? And let us not make the mistake—any us—of assuming that our children are beyond temptation and may not fa This is a delusion and a snare that will bring us to the very depths. L every father and every mother, every brother and every sister, stand gua day and night that their loved ones be not seized and carried away by lu

"You young people, may I directly entreat you to be chaste. Plea believe me when I say that chastity is worth more than life itself. This the doctrine my parents taught me; it is truth. Better die chaste than li unchaste. The salvation of your very soul is concerned in this."—From address delivered at the 109th Semi-annual Conference.

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Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

EFORE Pearl Harbor, in fact in May 1941, Mrs. John L. Whitet, president of the General Fedion of Women's Clubs in Ameri- said, "When Hitler crosses rds with the women of America, will meet his Waterloo." The with which our women have reded to the call of war industries the armed services must have n the Fuehrer a surprise. Those spoiled American women!—as hought.

RS. ROZINA JOHNSON of Canada has nineteen grandsons great-grandsons in the war.

OM the Daughters of Utah Pioneers' precious library of books, ies, and letters, Mrs. Kate B. Carnas compiled an interesting and able series of books, *Heart obs of the West*, on Mormon pio- life, in which she reveals as- s of the heroic living, and the elopment of the pioneers on a t variety of subjects ranging from departments to woman suffrage. fifth volume of this series will be published.

ST off the press is an enlightenng volume, *Here Is Alaska*, by lyn Stefansson, wife of the famed ic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefan-. The book, profusely illustrated, ne result of personal experience bined with research and photohy done by various individuals for the Pan-American Highways and in the interest of the war. Mrs. Stefansson collaborates with her husband in his important work for the Army and Navy. A chapter on the Aleutians helps to explain why General Billy Mitchell called Alaska "the most central place in the world for aircraft, and the most important place in the world."

THE Academy of Western Culture recently presented to Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne a bronze medal for distinguished service in promoting the development of Utah art. Mrs. Horne's first public work was performed in preparing a course in art for 40,000 Relief Society women. This course provided study in color changes during the four seasons; the effect of light on foliage; how to design kitchens, window boxes, and home gardens; how to appreciate some of the old masters and some American paintings; and how to dress tastefully and to suit the personality. For fourteen years, Mrs. Horne was a member of the General Board of Relief Society and for fifty years she has worked indefatigably to further art and help artists in Utah.

MRS. JEAN H. WESSMAN of Salt Lake City has six sons in our armed forces. Eleven years ago she was left a widow with fourteen children. Mrs. Wessman has reared her children well, and has served faithfully as a Relief Society organist.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 30 SEPTEMBER 1943 NO. 9

Seek Knowledge

ON the threshold of the new educational year in Relief Society, and in the midst of personal trials and sorrows which today form a part of life's pattern for the very great majority of Relief Society members, they will desire, perhaps more than at any other time in their lives, to draw nearer to the Lord, and, by obedience to His commandments, to better merit His blessings.

In contemplation of this year's work, each member may ask herself what one thing she may do in order to grow spiritually. Certainly a fundamental law was given to man when the Lord declared, "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance"; and the Prophet Joseph Smith said, "The principle of knowledge is the principle of salvation." One object, therefore, for which all members might strive would be to better learn the principles of salvation in order the better to live in accordance with them. The Prophet Joseph Smith has told us, "the conditions of God's kingdom are such, that all who are made partakers of that glory, are under the necessity of learning something respecting it, previous to their entering into it."

As Latter-day Saints, we are candidates for the celestial kingdom, the highest kingdom of which we have any knowledge, and therefore it is essential that each one learn what she can of its requirements and laws, in order that she may pattern her life in accordance with its laws, and thus not only prepare herself to dwell therein, but to live a full and abundant life here.

The courses of study in Relief Society for the year 1943-44 offer Relief Society members a rich opportunity to gain a greater knowledge of the Gospel. If every member would prayerfully study the lessons as outlined, and the references, and then continue with her reading as her interest might lead her, she would, at the close of the year's lesson work, find herself possessed of far greater knowledge than she does at the present time. The theology lessons, based on *The Articles of Faith* by Dr. Talmage, will impart information which is fundamental to an understanding of the tenets of the Church. The literature lessons, Bible Literature, using the King James translation of the Bible as a textbook, will lead the student into a study of the Bible and an appreciation of its literary qualities as well. In the Messages to the Home lessons, each member will recognize basic sources of strength which will help her to carry on more valiantly, and by a study of the references for these lessons, she will be guided to the sermons and writings of our great Church leaders. The study of American history, in the social science de-

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ıment, written from the view-ıt held by Latter-day Saints in ırd to the great principle of free ıcy, of liberty, and of the divine ıence exercised in framing our ıstitution, will aid Relief Society nbers, as American citizens, to ter uphold fundamental concepts ur Government.

et each Relief Society member, ı, seek during this coming season take greater advantage of the wledge of spiritual matters to be ıed by a study of the courses out-d for Relief Society, and resolve ncrease her knowledge of eternal h. Let her find time for such udy, though it may entail fore-ıg some reading of current fiction and drama, and fewer amusements, none of whose worth can compare with the joy and satisfaction to be derived from a study of the Gospel.

By thus increasing her knowledge of Church doctrine, each member will better be able to obey the admonition of Paul who said, ". . . add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*M. C. S.*

L.D.S. Men In The Armed Service

(*Continued from page 533*)

rity—commended by Jesus. A ıble profession of faith and strict erence to standards of conduct conformity with that faith, al-s, in the long run, win the re-ct of normal men and women. have known many examples of , and also of the reverse—the s of Latter-day Saint men who e lost the respect and confidence non-Church members because se men failed to live up to the ciples of their Church, or seemed e ashamed of their Church con-ions and the principles for which r people stand. Firmness of ı in the right, together with ıina and moral courage to prac-and to defend the right are out-ding qualities of character. Certainly no Latter-day Saint can afford to be lacking in these character qualities.

We sympathize with young men in the armed service of their country in the difficult and hazardous situation in which they are placed. Generally speaking, it is no fault of theirs. It is, however, a sign of weakness for them to let this situation lead them to become reckless as to their moral and religious obligations, and thus toward their own lasting happiness and the happiness of their loved ones. It is to be hoped that these loved ones will not be remiss in doing everything possible to encourage and strengthen their relatives and friends who have been called to face the physical and moral hazards of war.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Stake Planning Meeting Recommended During September

AS in 1942, the General Board, with the special approval of the First Presidency, again recommends that a stake planning meeting be held during the month of September, preliminary to the beginning of regular weekly meetings in October, for all stake board members, ward officers, and class leaders. It is recommended that, wherever possible, this meeting be arranged in connection with a stake priesthood meeting or a stake quarterly conference in order to keep transportation at a minimum. The purpose of this meeting is to stimulate all phases of Relief Society work at the beginning of the 1943-44 season, to preview lesson work and other activities planned for the coming year, and to give whatever instructions and help are deemed necessary by the stake board. We feel sure that all Relief Society officers and class leaders will greatly appreciate this privilege granted by the First Presidency of holding this special meeting for stake and ward officers in order to better prepare for the coming season's work. Stake Relief Society presidents will please acquaint their respective stake presidents with the recommendation that this special meeting be held and arrange with them as to the most favorable time for calling the meeting. Stake Relief Society presidents are requested to send complete details of this meeting to all ward presidents as soon as possible so that good ward representation may be assured. We are sure that stake board members will make every effort to take full advantage of this special meeting and that they will be well prepared to conduct their respective departments for ward workers at this meeting.

Ward Relief Society Conferences, November 7, 1943

CONTINUING the plan first adopted in 1942 for auxiliaries to hold special meetings and annual conferences on the evenings of Fast Sundays, the Relief Society has again been assigned the evenings of Fast Day in November and March. Fast Day in November this year will occur November 7, and the General Board recommends that this evening be used for the annual Relief Society conference.

Ward Relief Society presidents may therefore arrange with their respective bishops for holding meetings on the evening of Fast Day in November. This is a most favorable Sunday on which to hold the ward Relief Society conference, coming as it does only one month after the opening of the regular weekly meetings in October, thus affording opportunity for previewing the lessons

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and other work, near the beginning of the educational season.

It is recommended that the conference consist of two meetings—a preliminary meeting for officers, and a general session for all Relief Society members and for all other members of the ward.

In order to insure a large attendance at the general session of the conference, it is recommended that visiting teachers on their regular November visits invite all ward members to be present at this meeting and that advance announcements of the meeting be made in Relief Society and other ward gatherings. Relief Society members particularly should be urged to attend.

A suggested program for the general session of the conference, with detailed instructions for its presentation, will be mailed to each ward Relief Society president in September.

Spencer W. Kimball, The Arizona Apostle

(*Continued from page 530*)

zonians for his work in Church, business, civic enterprises, and service clubs, notably in Rotary. Banking was his first work, but after eight and a half years of banking experience, he resigned to purchase an interest in a small new struggling insurance business which has since become the leading insurance and realty firm in eastern Arizona. He has derived great pleasure from his farming and livestock operations as well.

The Church activities of the new member of the General Authorities have been varied and continuous. When but fourteen, he became an assistant teacher in Sunday School and while yet in high school he was appointed chorister of the stake Sunday School. He sang, for many years, in ward and stake choirs, at times substituting as organist or pianist. His missionary work under President Samuel O. Bennion, in Missouri, was one of the highlights of his life. Upon returning from his mission he became first, stake clerk in 1918, then counselor in the stake presidency in 1924, where he continued to serve until the St. Joseph Stake was divided in 1938, and he was called to be the first stake president of Mt. Graham Stake, the position he was occupying at the time of his call to the apostleship.

This is the first time in the history of the Church that an apostle has been called from Arizona, and many people in the seven Arizona stakes will rejoice in his appointment, and business and professional men will feel honored by his call.

Elder Kimball has been favored with a charming wife, who has always been helpful and understanding. Camilla Eyring is the daughter of Edward Christian Eyring and Caroline Romney who lived in Mexico until 1912. Four children have been born to the Kimballs, Spencer LeVan, a commissioned officer in the United States Naval Reserve, Olive Beth, Andrew Eyring, and Edward Lawrence. The love, consideration, and thoughtfulness manifested for each other by the members of the family

have made this family unit the pride of many admirers.

President Kimball is rugged and strong, due to his outdoor life, early hard work, and strict observance of the Word of Wisdom. Although he has worked with rough characters in mining camps and one summer as a stevedore in a Los Angeles freight yard, as well as dining with European nobility and aristocracy at which dinners many different kinds of intoxicants were served, still, due to his strict early training, he has never tasted tea nor coffee, tobacco nor liquor.

With extreme humility, Elder Spencer Woolley Kimball will enter upon his new duties after the October conference where he will be presented for the sustaining vote of that body.

The Bee Hive House

(*Continued from page 539*)

way for it. The Eagle Gate and the pillars supporting it are not being torn down.

AFTER President Young's death, his wife, Lucy Decker, whose home it had been since 1860, continued to live there until 1888 when it was acquired by John W. Young.[2] He took down the story-and-a-half on the north and built three floors, bringing the new addition to the same height as the original building. Many rooms were added, the most important being the large east entrance hall and the spacious back parlor. A heavy carved oak Dutch door was installed at the main entrance and the original door was used for the State Street entrance. The hall was panelled with maple and elaborate mirrored mantels and lighting fixtures were installed. Wide doorways with folding doors were arranged to connect six of the large rooms on the main floor. From the south wall of the front parlor through the wide entrance hall to the north wall of the back parlor was a length of 75 feet, making the Bee Hive parlors an ideal place in which to entertain large groups.

In 1893, the house became the property of the Latter-day Saint Church and from 1899, was used as the home of the president of the Church. President Lorenzo Snow occupied it for three years. It was President Joseph F. Smith's home for seventeen years. When President Heber J. Grant became president of the Church he decided to remain in his own home on the rim of City Creek Canyon and to allow the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association to use the Bee Hive House as a home for girls who came to the city seeking employment. During the last twenty-three years, thousands of girls have found a real home within the forty-three rooms of this outstanding edifice.

The Bee Hive House has had a long useful life. It is dear to the hearts of the members of the Church as one of the few buildings of the pioneer period still standing. The years have but emphasized how well it was built. Stately, sturdy, and strong, it is fitted to serve the future as faithfully as it has served the past.

[2]Information gleaned from manuscript, "The Bee Hive House 1854-1888," by Clarissa Young Spencer and her book, *One Who Was Valiant*, Spencer-Harmer.

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Pruning Rules To Make Your Garden Grow

Hazel D. Moyle

Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

ALMOST every amateur gardener, at some time or other during the year, succumbs to that old urge to go out to cut and trim and use the pruning shears on some poor defenseless shrub. It is usually during the early spring that this malady manifests itself; but the pruning shears often become a dangerous weapon in the hands of well-meaning, but misguided plant lovers. Thousands of helpless plants are not only shorn of their naturally free and graceful form, each year, but often the over-zealous floricultural barber actually cuts away a good part of the year's floral display.

Such a calamity is sure to occur when any spring flowering shrub is pruned in early spring, just as it is ready to spread out its yearly show of flowers. The cutting back should be delayed until after the flowers have faded, which is the ideal time to prune most shrubs. By pruning just after the bloom is over, most shrubs will have a full year in which to develop new growth to produce another crop of flowers.

Correct pruning has been one of the problems of gardenmakers since the very beginning of gardening. All down the ages, gardeners have had trouble in knowing when, what, and how to trim. Even Shakespeare has given us a slight inkling of how the expert gardeners in the days of King Richard the Second handled the matter. In the scene laid in the garden of the Duke of York, we hear the gardener giving orders to his helper on proper pruning as follows:

Go bind up yon dangling apricocks
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
weight;
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisesome weeds, that without profit
suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

All of which is very good advice whether in those far-off times or in our own Victory-garden age. For the continuous good looks and performance of any shrub depends greatly on its being kept in a vital stage of young vigorous wood, and this is only accomplished by pruning, but pruning which should be guided by something more than an urge to trim and cut.

Each plant presents an individual problem, but the most successful way to keep any woody plant from growing old and full of dead and dying branches is to remove the oldest branches at their base. Cut them away near the soil line or where they sprout from the main branch. This will encourage new branches to grow

and these will soon become of flowering size and will take the place of the old worn-out portions. Cut the entire branch right down to the bottom so that no old devitalized portion will be left to clutter up the center and prevent the new branches from getting air and sun.

Unpruned plants soon become crowded in the center and even the new wood cannot grow or bloom well when it is so crowded. Although the different shrubs vary in their growing habits, most of the common fast growing kinds such as forsythia, flowering almond, philadelphus, syringea and spirea all need this attention at least every other year, and as much as one-third of the old wood may be cut out with good results.

Slower growing shrubs need less frequent and less drastic pruning, but even lilacs are improved and made to bloom better by occasionally removing the oldest branches in order to keep them flowering well.

In addition, all crooked branches, and any that grow toward the center and interfere with other branches, and also any poor weak ones should be cut entirely away at their base. It is best to merely shorten too-long branches. Thus the natural form and habit of the plant are retained, and, at the same time, new growth is encouraged.

How different is the usual method of treating the poor defenseless shrub, cutting back all branches, young and old. so that the poor thing bristles like some angry pincushion. Such pruning merely adds trouble, for soon the plant is so crowded with dead and weak branchees that it cannot flower well, and its very appearance is negligible.

Superflous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live.

So says Shakespeare's gardener, and he then ruminates on the state of affairs of government under the improvident King, comparing the troubled times with a badly managed garden—

. . . Oh! what a pity is it
That he had not so dressed and trimmed his land
As we this garden!

And so it goes to this very day, management of both government and garden must be good, if either is to prosper well. Take the method of using the shears, for instance; the cut should always be slanting and done cleanly so that the fibers of the plant are not torn and ragged. And no stump should be left on any plant, shrub or tree to invite disease and decay. Such stumps are a menace and eventually bring decay into the good parts of the plant. Cut away clean at the main branch so that new bark can grow and heal the cut over.

WITH roses, it is the pruning which determines the size and beauty of the flower as much as any one thing. No bush of any hybrid tea rose can produce lovely flowers if it is choked with a forest of superfluous branches. The center of the rose plant must be maintained free from weak and over-crowded stems. Clip all except the strongest branches completely away at their base, and keep the development of your rose plant in mind even when cutting roses. Cut the blooms with a long stem, leaving two or three leaves on the stem, and by all means make the

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cut just above a leaf or bud which grows out, instead of in toward the center, for the new branch which will soon begin wherever a cut is made, will grow in the direction that this leaf or bud points. By all means keep the center of rose plants open to allow air and sun to circulate and so keep them in good health.

There are several different types of climbing roses, each one demanding a different kind of pruning. The climbers that produce clusters of small roses and that bloom only once during the year, such as the Dorothy Perkins and the American Beauty rose, are best pruned just after the blooming season is over. New branches will already be found growing from the base of the plant, and the old canes that have just borne a crop of flowers should be cut away at their base, thus making way for new branches to grow.

Almost all other climbers need only to have the very old and dead wood cut away occasionally. Those fine new everblooming hybrid tea climbers which produce an astonishing burden of large and lovely roses need only to have the faded blooms clipped away. This encourages another crop of flowers, so it should not be neglected. The branches themselves need little pruning.

Large flowered climbers such as Dr. Van Fleet, that exquisite pale pink rose, need little or no pruning except the cutting away of dead branches. Occasionally a branch will die out, and this should be removed as soon in the spring as the foliage is all well out and one can tell for sure whether the branch is dead. But all too often we have a cold winter which does a thorough job of killing the top growth, and thus our plants must begin again to make entirely new wood.

Evergreens need occasional trimming to keep any too-lush branches from spoiling their appearance, and certain of the tall junipers should be trimmed twice each year to make their growth more dense and stronger. They will be able to withstand snow and wind better if pruned, for the growth will be thicker and more velvety. Only the outer tip of the branches should be cut away. The best time for this work on junipers is April and late August.

Dixie Pioneers

(*Continued from page 549*)

danced on the salt grass for their first Christmas celebration, where the old Liberty Pole was placed, or where the "Big House" stood.

They conquered because they knew what they needed and they knew how to get it. They had a unity of purpose that carried them through. In our generation we must conquer mental obstacles. It may be a more difficult problem. Let us pray that we may succeed as well as they.

Tomorrow's Cup

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter VI

Synopsis: Janet, protectingly reared in Washington, D.C., lives in constant dread of the San Juan country of Utah where her husband, Paul Morgan, has an Indian trading post on the mesa. She plans on their moving to Washington before the birth of her baby, but does not disclose this intention to her husband. Upon returning home with Paul after a happy week spent on the mesa, they find that Janet's sister, Rhae, and her husband, Warren Newsbaum, have arrived for a short visit with the announced intention of taking Janet back to Washington with them. The next morning Paul is hurt when he saves Warren from being dragged by a broncho. A few months later, while Paul, restored to health, is absent on a roundup, an Indian, Mike, threatens to kill Janet. She seeks refuge in the Devil's Corridor where she becomes unconscious. During the long days that follow, Janet lies in an unconscious condition, and when her child is born it lives only a few hours. After its birth, however, she falls into a natural sleep.

JANET came into the store the back way, unobserved, just as Paul brushed a litter of papers aside and sank tiredly into his desk chair. It was the first time she had been to see him at his work since her illness months before. All day she had watched the Indians string in and out of the store, knowing that Paul would be worn from their bargaining, longing to go and help him as she had always done, but afraid to intrude on what seemed to be more and more his own domain. She had been encased in her own grief so long that it was hard to break free. She was shocked to realize how long it had been since she and Paul had felt the old, carefree companionship with each other. A year ago she would have been in the store with Paul, bargaining with the shrewdest of them. No Indian ever sold a blanket at the first figure set for it. Janet smiled in spite of herself. Many a time she'd driven a better bargain than Paul had succeeded in doing. It made her want to get in and swap bargains until Paul would catch her up in his big arms and say they'd made enough money for one day, it was time for "chow."

But the day had worn wearily away and she had not gone near the store. "Paul should be coming in to dinner," had been her last thought, and as he was making no effort to drive the loiterers out so he could lock up, she suddenly was on her way to see that he did. But her first sight of him, unconscious of her presence, made her feel shy and awkward.

As Paul sank into his chair, relaxing his long body, his face looked drawn and tired. Janet hesitated, standing out of sight behind a barrel of cured meats. The store had emptied itself of the last straggler and there seemed nothing for her to do, now that she was here. She turned to leave, and just then the front door opened, directly in line with her path of retreat.

Paul looked up without curiosity, for one more to come and go was

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all in a day to him. He showed no interest whatever, even when he saw that the man in the door was Doctor Potsworth.

The doctor came in. "How are you, Paul?" he asked gravely.

"Oh, fine," Paul replied, but his voice belied his words. Janet was shocked by his lack of interest. His enthusiasm for everything in life had been one of his main attractions for her. She turned to slip quietly away, when Paul's voice stopped her.

"Glad to see you, Doc," Paul was saying. "Janet's over at the house."

Janet drew back guiltily.

"I didn't come to see Janet," Potsworth said bluntly. "I came to see you. I saw Janet yesterday—in town."

Janet hung on Paul's answer. She had gone to town without telling him that she was going, hardly knowing why, herself. Certainly she hadn't intended buying that railroad ticket. It *would* be Doctor Potsworth who would come in and see her doing it. Of course she hadn't explained. There wasn't anything she could say about it. Now what would Paul say?

He said evenly: "Yes, I believe Janet was in town."

Janet was disappointed without knowing why. She had vaguely hoped Paul would deny that she had been away without his knowledge. His next words shocked her almost into betraying her presence.

"Janet's planning a vacation, Doc. A *long* vacation." His voice was so controlled that it was emotionless. He almost recited the words.

"Feeling dull, eh?" Dr. Potsworth asked.

Paul leaped to his feet. "Can I help it if she's sick of the place? I am, too! We're as far from each other as El Toro is from civilization!"

JANET turned and ran out of the store, her heart hammering out his words. Paul was sick of El Toro! Now they would go away! At first that was her one clear thought. She went past a cowboy chopping wood in the shade of the red cliffs back of the house. Past Juanee making moccasins for her boys. Past old Taos' kennel, where now an upstart collie yelped for attention. She spurned him with her foot. Old Taos was dead. El Toro was dead. *Fear* was dead!

Her heart sang with relief. Paul was sick of El Toro! Soon all this would be only a bitter memory. There'd be a new life; new friends and old ones. Her heels made ecstatic little sounds on the hollow stones of the patio. A new life! No Devil's Corridor under her feet. No mummy case at her back. No Indians to stalk her dreams. No reproachful squaw to worry about. When she and Paul were gone, Indian Joe would come back to Juanee again and stop hunting foolish old Mike and his bad begay.

Juanee's twin boys ran around the house chasing a phantom deer, bows taut, arrows aimed. Janet's eyes followed them. . . . No laughing-eyed boys to peer at her through the screen, waiting for cookies. . . . Eyes that reproached her when she did not smile. Eyes that looked at her curiously as they were doing now from behind the corner of the porch.

Janet gave each of the boys a handful of cakes, hardly conscious that her thought train had been broken. She'd send the boys presents. Strange

things they had never seen. Things that would make their eyes pop out of their heads. Things that would hold their curiosity for days on end. (They were so much a part of her life that her new plans could not go on without them.)

Away ran the twins twanging their arrows, laughing back at Janet. Her thoughts went as swiftly on their own way. There'd be her father, fusty and dear in his museum; Rhae and Warren and all their friends. Her old home; all the dear familiar things she'd known and left. Paul would see. Their life would be so gay and beautiful he'd forget his enslavement here. Paul would forget to frown; his laugh would ring out at little things as it had when she first knew him. Paul would not have to be scolded by a fat old doctor who took upon himself the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of his patients. Paul would be a figure of respect in his new world. He'd be doing—

What would Paul be doing? Try as she would, she could not make Paul's image come alive in any surroundings other than his own. Taken from El Toro—even in her thoughts—he became unreal and elusive. Janet shook her head as if to clear her mind of this unwelcome thought, and to restore the gay visions she had conjured up; but they refused to be conjured. Sitting straight in a chair by the door, she listened, as if she could still hear Paul and the doctor talking. Paul, idly sketching Indian heads on his desk pad, or jumping up angrily to deny the doctor's words. Doc, scolding and nagging at him, reminding him of his duty to his wife.

Janet locked and unlocked her fingers. Why should she care what they were saying? What anyone said? She was free now. Free to leave El Toro!

But Paul's words persisted in her ears. . . . "We're as far from each other as El Toro from civilization . . . ." Paul's eyes, sick with misery, still defied her to hurt him any more. Slowly realization came. Paul was *not* sick of El Toro. Paul loved his country and his home with all his heart. But he was unhappy. Hurt from loneliness and her withdrawal into her own grief. Unhappy because of the tiny grave upon the hill, just as she was. Unconsciously she had blamed Paul for *that*. And for many, many other things. Though her grief had softened, her bitterness remained, including Paul, the good little doctor, El Toro, San Juan, and herself in its dregs. The dregs of selfish, unshared grief; pain that denied healing.

How could she have become so absorbed as not to have seen the pain in Paul's eyes, in his voice? How far they were from the quiet happiness of their camp on Gray Mesa. From the fire-glow and the stars above Hotel Collins. And how many, many bitter times she had remembered.

"This week is something to remember, Janet," Paul had said as they rode down from the mesa. "Something we may both wish for in the days to come."

Paul's voice then . . . Paul's voice now. . . . On the mesa, in the store, dull with misery. Janet sprang up, anger at Paul, at Dr. Potsworth, at herself, at the country, being broken to bits by the hammering of her heart. Suffocating with the force of

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it, she went out into the patio. The sun was setting on the little cemetery she had never seen. She knew only by Juanee's sad gaze that her baby was there.

Janet smiled and climbed the hill. Realization had not come too late.

"PAUL, won't you take Dr. Potsworth's advice and let what's done be done? Leave Mike and his begay alone and let them come back?"

Janet and Paul were sitting together in the west patio. Night had fallen in quiet beauty. Heavy with perfume, the desert air clung about them. There wasn't the least riffle of a breeze, no sound to break the stillness but their own intermittent voices.

"It's been months, Paul," Janet continued, "since Mike tore up the place. Yet you trail him ceaselessly. Juanee worries about Joe, lying in wait for Mike to slip back into the reservation. You both know the Utes will never let you take Mike without a fight. There's been too much trouble in this country already, too much bloodshed. Give this fight up, Paul."

Paul's hand closed reassuringly over Janet's. "Why didn't you tell me you were afraid," he said. "I'd have gone to the ends of the earth with you. It was left for *Doc* to set me straight. I blame myself for what happened to you. I'll take you away, and come back here only to do the things I have to do."

"Like hunting savages."

"But, Janet dear, acts like Mike's can't continue. The Indians think we're afraid to fight. This time they'll not get off!"

"Then you give me just one more thing to fear."

"Let me take you away, Janet?"

"No, Paul. If you had hunted for a way to bind me to El Toro you could not have found a surer one."

Paul noted with satisfaction that there was no bitterness in Janet's voice. He even fancied it held a bit of relief. He lifted her hand and spread each of her tapered, beautiful fingers over one of his own, measuring his thought to fit his words. "You —you mean— that fear for me overmasters your fear of the country?"

Janet nodded. "There can be no choice," she said simply.

"Your happiness is all I want," Paul said gratefully. "If it will help things for you, I'll try to get Mike out of my system. Now that we're together again nothing else matters."

Janet laughed shakily. "You sound as if I'd been gone for years, Paul. Actually. Not just into my moody self."

"Ages," Paul corrected. "Years couldn't be that long. Don't ever leave me alone again, Janet. We belong together. If not here, then—"

"Here. Paul." Janet said it determinedly.

"IT'S good to see you smile again, Juanee." Janet had turned from her baking to greet the young Indian woman as she came in at the back door, grinning broadly.

"Now that my Joe is back I sing all day," Juanee told her. "And my mother, she is coming today . . . five months she has been gone."

"Yes. Ever since the day Mike's begay tricked you away from El Toro. Will your mother tell us what happened to her at her hogan? How

the begay got her turquoise cross?"

"If my father is not angry, my mother will talk." Juanee's black eyes flashed angrily; her proud little shoulders came up in defiance.

"But your father brought Mike back to the reservation—"

"Tied to the tail of his horse!" Juanee interrupted. "His honor is restored."

"Yes, Juanee. And Mike has promised to be a good Indian. Your father did well to let the sheriff take Mike to jail. That will help him to be a good Indian. Your father will not be angry now?"

"My father is just. He is a chief. He is proud."

"Mike is a foolish old man. His boy is bad because he has a bad father. Mike promises that the boy shall live with his grandmother and go to school. His grandmother is a good woman. So now everything is settled, Juanee, and you are happy again."

"You, too, Miss Janet? All the time you make me think of a velvet yucca, white and tall."

"Why, Juanee, that was a lovely compliment."

"But you should be pink—like the cactus blossom."

"When I come back from Washington, D.C., you won't know me, Juanee," Janet announced unexpectedly.

"You are going away?" There was worry in Juanee's eyes.

"Yes, Juanee." Janet was surprised at the way she went on announcing a half-formed plan. She had said she would not leave El Toro, but knowing that Mike was safely lodged in jail had suddenly released her tension. She could go away now for awhile and be happy.

"And Mister Paul?" Juanee asked, reproaching Janet with every inch of her slim, loyal little body.

"He is going to Washington too. Not now, but very soon."

Juanee's satisfaction was complete. "That is good," she said. "When you come to El Toro again there will be another papoose in my hogan."

Janet cried: "Juanee! That's wonderful!" But her heart contracted with envy.

"Do not be sad, Miss Janet," Juanee was quick to catch the meaning of Janet's eyes. "Every night I pray to the Father of my people. That is why I have another papoose. Now, when my boys are six years old."

"And you think I should pray to the Father of my people?"

"If you want baby, yes."

Janet's eyes turned to the little grave upon the hill, framed within the big new window Paul had added to El Toro.

"I have prayed, Juanee. Very, very hard."

"Then you get baby." Juanee's white teeth flashed through a broad smile. "I'll go now and bake potatoes in the ashes."

Whenever Juanee wanted to celebrate she baked potatoes in the ashes.

"That's a very good custom," Janet said, and Juanee went out.

"Dear God," Janet prayed silently. "Let *me* want to bake potatoes in the ashes too!"

(*To be continued*)

A CITY'S LONE OLD CEDAR TREE

(At Third South and Sixth East, Salt Lake City, Utah)

Edna S. Dustin

YOUTH

The lanky brown arms of a seedling tree
One morning pulled her head above the ground,
And tried to stretch up straight that she might see
Above the dove-gray sage that stood around
And formed a beard upon earth's dormant length.
She saw earth's beveled hem all dipped in snow
That shadowed her with its great tow'ring strength
Where evergreens were filed in row on row.
She watched the light of day hide in the West
Where it drenched moody earth in colored streaks;
And redmen drawing near, as brightly dressed,
Were stretching rawhides into tepee peaks.
The nights were pinned with stars, and moons passed by
And framed a seedling tree against the sky.

MATURITY

Those lanky arms grew strong and firm and round,
Her tousled hair was brushed out by the wind,
And when she wore night's shadow-lace she found
The glist'ning Evening Star the night had pinned
Above her ear; she stood with dignity,
And could be seen across the valley's breast.
One day a pilgrim band found this lone tree,
And stopped their rattling, white-top train to rest.
She watched them as they bared earth's virgin loam,
And heard them plan a city at her feet.
And as they built each log and earth-patched home
That faced the squares where wheels scarred up each street,
New caravans met there beneath her shade,
Where hands were clasped and new friendships were made.

OLD AGE

A canopy now frames her wrinkled face
As she looks out on Emigration Street;
In summer, poplars drape fine shadowed lace
Into a shawl that wraps her head and feet.
And high above she hears the drone of wings;
She watches horseless buggies speeding by;
She's in a new world now of pulsing things,
But sees the same blue canvas stretched on high
Whereon the Master Artist paints each day
From His rich bowl of gold the moon and stars;
And shakes bright dust along the Milky Way,
And then with raindrops arches pastel bars.
This fine old cedar who is stooped with age
Has watched a city spring from dusty sage!

New General Presidency Of The Primary Association

(Continued from page 532)

a native of Salt Lake City and a daughter of George M. Cannon and Marian Adelaide Morris Cannon. She was educated in the public schools, the Latter-day Saint High School, and was afterwards graduated from the University of Utah. She is also a graduate of the University of Utah School of Physical Education and later worked in the Recreation Department of Salt Lake City. She has had long experience in teaching and Church work, having served in the Granite Stake Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association presidency, as president of the original Hollywood Stake Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and having taught English and physical education in Utah schools before her marriage. She became first counselor to President May Green Hinckley in the general Primary presidency in January 1940, and continued to serve in that capacity until the death of Sister Hinckley. She is the widow of the late David P. Howells, bishop of Adams, and later Wilshire Wards, in Los Angeles, and has three children, a son and two daughters. The fourth general president of the Primary Association has a brilliant and resourceful mind and great love for the work which she is called to do.

First Counselor LaVern Watts Parmley was born at Murray, Utah, a daughter of Eugene and Gertrude Park Watts. She attended Murray High School and the University of Utah. She has been a member of the Bonneville Stake Primary Board, president of the Grant Ward Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association at Murray, has taught Sunday School classes and worked in seminaries of the Thirty-third and Emigration Wards. She is the wife of Thomas J. Parmley, professor of physics at the University of Utah, and the mother of three children, one daughter and two sons. Mrs. Parmley has been a member of the General Board since July 1941, and a counselor in the general presidency since February 1942.

Second Counselor Dessie Grant Boyle is a daughter of President Heber J. Grant and Emily Wells Grant. She was born in Liverpool, England, while her grandfather, Daniel H. Wells, presided over the European Mission. She attended the Latter-day Saint High School and the University of Utah. She has been engaged in Primary Association work for twenty-one years, having been president of the Ensign Ward Primary Association for four years, and president of the Ensign Stake Primary Association for twelve years. In February 1942, she was called to be a member of the Primary General Board. She is the wife of Ashby D. Boyle, a prominent Salt Lake attorney and she is the mother of four daughters and one son.

The prayerful devotion of these women to the Primary, with the cooperative efforts of those who will be called to assist them as General Board members will insure the continued growth and progress of the Primary Association of the Church.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

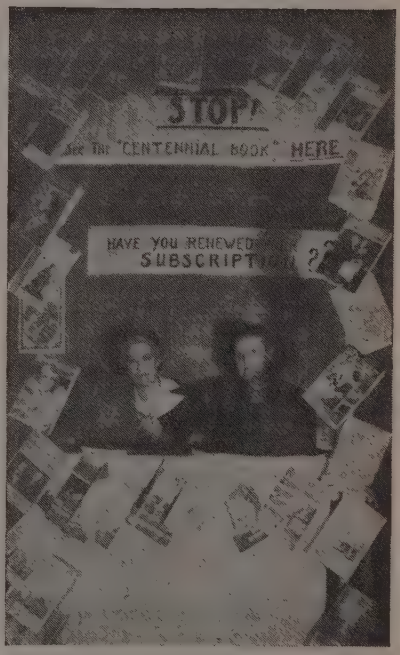
Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for June 1942, page 420.

RELIEF SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENTS AND SPECIAL PROGRAMS

Grant Stake (Utah)

LYONA DANSIE, counselor in the East Mill Creek Ward Relief Society, of which Elvie B. Berg is president, reports:

A unique feature of the bazaar held November 19, 1942 was a booth decorated with copies of *The Relief Society Magazine* and *A Centenary of Relief Society*. Seventy-five copies of the centennial book were sold and several subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine* were taken. A surprising feature of this booth was the number of men who bought the centennial book and subscribed for the *Magazine* for their wives and mothers.



MAGAZINE BOOTH AT RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
East Mill Creek Ward, Grant Stake, November 19, 1942. Left to right, Eva Wilde and Eliza Groneman, ward and stake *Magazine* representatives, respectively.

South Los Angeles Stake (California)

HAZEL T. NEVILLE, stake Relief Society president, sent the following report of a reception held June 12, 1942, by the stake board, honoring past Relief Society stake presidents, Catherine Stewart, Laura Hotaling, and Blanche Hoglund:

Invited guests were the counselors and secretaries of each of the honored guests, all past ward presidents, and present ward executive officers. There were 110 present. A very special guest was Pauline T. Pingree of the General Board, and also Alice Osborn, who is in charge of the General Board's social service and employment office in Los Angeles.

It was a pleasure to meet and to feel the strength and inspiration of these fine women. The present stake board feels honored to carry on the work so beautifully and efficiently begun by its past leaders.

The lounge of the stake house was decorated with large baskets of gladioli and peonies. which, with lighted candles, lent an air of peaceful hospitality. There were

RECEPTION FOR PAST RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS OF SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE HELD AT HUNTINGTON PARK, JUNE 12, 1942

Seated, center, with flowers at feet, Hazel T. NeVille, present stake Relief Society president. Seated next to her toward the left are Pauline T. Pingree, General Board member, and Catherine Stewart, first Los Angeles Stake Relief Society president. Seated next to Sister NeVille, toward the right, are Alice Osborn of the General Board's Los Angeles social service department, Coral Iverson, wife of Stake President J. M. Iverson, and Blanche Hoglund, third Relief Society president of South Los Angeles Stake. The second president, Laura Hotaling, was also present on this occasion.

SCENE FROM PLAY "RELIEF SOCIETY SONGS"

Presented August 19, 1941 by the Relief Society of the Pleasant View Ward, Sharon Stake. The play was written by Celestia J. Taylor, a member of this ward Relief Society. Standing at the left are the stake Relief Society presidency (since resigned) and at the right, the ward Relief Society presidency, Sisters Preal Jones, second counselor, Nellie Snow, former president, Ruby Hunn, first counselor, and Anna T. Nielsen, president.

SCENE, "THE TREK ACROSS THE PLAINS"
From the pageant "One Hundred Years of Progress" presented by the Relief Society of the Mount Olympus Ward, Big Cottonwood Stake, March 17, 1943.

two large tables with lace covers, centered with flowers in Relief Society colors, blue and gold, and tall yellow candles which shed their light over the crystal and silver appointments of the table. A large punch bowl was surrounded by dainty and varied open-faced sandwiches, nuts and mints, and individual ice creams and cakes. Blue napkins carried, in gold, the monogram of the stake Relief Society. Each guest was given a blue and gold corsage.

The program, a dramatic presentation of the play "Junior Miss," was enjoyed by the many mothers present. Solos were given by Virginia Paulk.

A beautiful tribute was paid each past stake Relief Society president by Sister Laura Stephens who had worked with each of these presidents. Each past stake president spoke in turn and introduced her counselors and secretary.

I am sure all present pledged within themselves to rededicate their time and talents to the work of our wonderful organization.

Sharon Stake (Utah)

THE accompanying picture shows a scene from the play, "Relief Society Songs," presented by the Pleasant View Ward Relief Society at an outing of the Sharon Stake, on August 19, 1941. The play was written by Sister Celestia J. Taylor, a member of the ward. She was assisted by Sisters Diantha T. Ekins and Inez W. Muhlestein, who spent long hours at libraries doing research relating to song history and compiling information upon which the play was based. These sisters also directed the play and arranged for the scenery and staging.

The report of this play was submitted by Anna T. Nielsen, president of the Pleasant View Ward Relief Society.

Big Cottonwood Stake (Utah)

ALTA J. VANCE, president of Mount Olympus Ward Relief Society reports:

On the evening of March 17, 1943, the Mount Olympus Ward Relief Society presented the pageant, "One Hundred Years of Progress," written by Myrl Porter. More

CARBON STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Photographed at close of recognition program held in connection with the Relief Society session of the stake quarterly conference, June 28, 1942. The president, Belle Johnson, is in the center, with her counselors, Belle McAllister and Hettie Bent on either side.

than one hundred ward members participated as members of the cast, in the Singing Mothers' chorus, in a male quartette, and in other musical numbers.

In eight scenes, the pageant depicted the organization, growth, and activities of the Relief Society during its 101 years. The accompanying picture shows a part of the scene, "The Trek Across the Plains."

There was much enthusiasm shown and it is felt that working together on this venture brought about greater unity and cooperation in the ward as well as in the Society.

Carbon Stake (Utah)

BELLE JOHNSON, Carbon Stake Relief Society president, and Estella McIntire, membership coordinator, report that a special program of recognition of the accomplishments of the wards of this stake during the four-year membership-building program was held in connection with the Relief Society session of the stake quarterly conference during the summer of 1942. The part of the program which was devoted to the recognition of achievements and presentation of awards was carried out in rhyme. The report continues:

The Singing Mothers and other music were under the direction of Stake Chorister Mary Hansen. The talk suggested in the program outlined by the General Board was given by Counselor Belle McAllister, and the scriptural reading, with music, by Assistant Secretary Ardes McQueen. President Belle Johnson gave the president's report and the rest of the time was given to the recognitions and awards.

The hall was decorated in white roses and baby breath. Two arches made of white flowers were placed over the pulpit, forming a beautiful canopy for those taking part. There was a part on the program for each of the stake board members and also for those being honored. Awards were made to Mabel Livingstone of the Third Ward Relief Society for the best Relief Society scrapbook in the stake; to Junie Allred, also of the Third Ward. for the highest rate of *Relief Society Magazine* subscriptions; to Sister Helston of the Scofield Ward for outstanding accomplish-

THE RIGBY STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY
Planting an American weeping beech tree on the grounds of the new Idaho Falls Temple, April 24, 1943.

ments in the membership campaign; and to Sister Murphy, of Spring Glen Ward Relief Society, for the best ward Relief Society history. The presentation of awards was by stake board members in charge of the activities: Maudeen Gardner presented the scrapbook award; Tillie Anderson, the *Magazine* award; Estella McIntire, the membership award. and Irene D. Perkins. stake secretary-treasurer, the history award. Counselor Hattie Bent then presented to each ward a certificate of honor for the cooperation and help of the wards.

Two little girls dressed in blue and gold carried the certificates of award in daintily decorated baskets to the honored ones. This was followed by a candle-lighting ceremony which was one of the highlights of the program.

The stake scrapbook was a work of art and was on display during and after the program for the benefit of the congregation.

The program was planned by the stake board and written up in rhyme by Assistant Secretary Ardes McQueen.

Rigby Stake (Idaho)

STELLA F. BROSSARD, Relief Society stake secretary-treasurer submitted the following report of the tree-planting ceremony held by the Rigby Stake Relief Society, which planted a tree on the grounds of the new Idaho Falls Temple:

The tree-planting ceremony of the Rigby Stake Relief Society was held Saturday, April 24, 1943, at 4:00 p.m. on the Latter-day Saint Temple grounds at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The tree, donated to the Temple grounds by the Rigby Stake Relief Society, is an American weeping beech.

Forty persons were present at the ceremony, including Elders H. T. Moss and O. S. Cordon, formerly of the Rigby Stake presidency; Elder Lyman J. Ball, high councilman who is Relief Society advisor; the former Relief Society stake president, Lettie E. Call; and Elder Robert F. Woller, temple gardener. President Phoebe Cordon presided.

The following program was presented:

Congregation sang "Our Mountain Home So Dear," led by Sister Geneva Snow.

Invocation was offered by High Councilman Lyman J. Ball.

Words of welcome and appreciation were said by President Phoebe Cordon.

Stake Board Member Elva Ball read the history of the specie of the American weeping beech tree.

VISITING TEACHERS OF THE RICHFIELD THIRD WARD, SEVIER STAKE, Who achieved a record of 100 per cent visiting teaching during 1941-42.

Vocal trio composed of Geneva Snow, Sylvia Jones, and Mabel Fillmore sang Joyce Kilmer's poem, "Trees."

The dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder H. T. Moss.

Sevier Stake (Utah)

THE Sevier Stake Relief Society submitted the following report of an entertainment for the visiting teachers of the Richfield Third Ward held in July 1942:

Under the leadership of the ward Relief Society president, Georgia Ogden, and her counselors, Myrtle Curtis and Ruby Nielson, a unique entertainment was given for the visiting teachers of the Richfield Third Ward. Sister Curtis was in direct charge of the arrangements. Thirty-four of the thirty-eight visiting teachers were in attendance. Sisters Myrl Brugger, Sevier Stake Relief Society president, and Martha Hunt, stake leader of visiting teachers, were present by special invitation. The entertainment was given in appreciation for the fine work done by the visiting teachers of this ward, who achieved a record of 100 per cent visiting for the year.

A telephone conversation carried on by the ward president, seated at one end of the table with Everdena Winkel, ward sponsor at the other end, explained the purpose of the entertainment, presented the high ideals and standards of Relief Society work, and expressed appreciation of the willing and efficient work that had been carried on by the ward visiting teachers. Another feature of the entertainment was the spelling of the word TEACHER, each assigned member giving her own interpretation and meaning of each letter in regard to the visiting teachers' work. The contributions offered on this part of the program were original and varied in form and length.

Light refreshments, singing, and games added much to the entertainment of the afternoon.

Liberty Stake (Utah)

EDNA P. PULHAM, secretary-treasurer of Liberty Stake Relief Society, submitted the following report:

The Liberty Stake Relief Society Board entertained the ward presidencies at a delightful luncheon, Thursday, September 17, 1942, in the Lion House. The occasion was in the nature of a fall festival, expressing gratitude for the bounties of life. In keeping with this idea, the tables were

RELIEF SOCIETY OF LA GRANDE FIRST WARD, UNION STAKE (OREGON)
TAKEN AT CLOSING SOCIAL, MAY 26, 1942

Seated directly behind the basket of flowers at the right is Viola Fullmer, with her counselors, Julia Decker and Katie Weimer on either side. Seated at the extreme right is Mina Larson, who preceded Sister Fullmer as president, and seated at the extreme left is Edith Stoddard, who served for many years as president of this ward Relief Society. Seated, center, (between the women with babies) is Emma Stringham, *Magazine* representative for many years. Grace Lindsay, secretary-treasurer, who submitted this picture, stands in the second row, near the center.

beautifully decorated with fruits and vegetables cut in numerous patterns, depicting stars and flowers. Each plate was marked with a place card, and a nosegay consisting of radish rosebuds and green parsley, with a paper lace background tied with red ribbon. The master centerpiece consisted of a huge basket of fruit. On each end of the table was a large bowl of endive, on which vegetables, cut in various shapes to represent flowers, were arranged. These unique decorations were the work of a decoration committee of which Gardie Standing, stake board member, was chairman.

Stake Relief Society President Emma G. Phillips presided. The program was opened by the group singing "One Hundred Thousand Strong," under the leadership of Stake Chorister Margaret Stockman and Stake Organist Agnes Duffin. The invocation was by Louise H. Weilenmann, president of the Liberty Ward. After an address of welcome by Gertrude R. Michelsen of the stake presidency, the time was turned over to our capable toastmistress, Diana R. Lambert, a board member. [Since that time, Sister Lambert has succeeded Sister Michelsen as counselor.]

The harvest idea was also carried out in the toasts which were as follows: "The Peach—Our Heritage," by Mildred P. Elggren, a member of the stake presidency; "The Pear—Our Responsibility as Mothers of the Home Front," by Lillie B. Forsgren, president of the Harvard Ward; "Wheat—Our Achievements of Yesterday," by Elda D. Miller, president of the Third Ward; "The Apple—Our Pledge to the Future," by Reta T. Lambert, president of the Thirty-first Ward.

Responses were given by the guests of honor, Amy Brown Lyman, general president of the Relief Society, and Vera W. Pohlman, general secretary-treasurer, whose inspiring talks were the highlights of the program.

During the program a solo, "America the Beautiful," was rendered by Margaret Stockman.

RELIEF SOCIETY OF LAGO WARD, BANNOCK STAKE (IDAHO)

At the closing social held June 1940, at Hooper Spring, Soda Springs, Idaho. The elderly lady in center of seated row is Sister Harris, who was first counselor in the first Relief Society organized in this ward. This picture was submitted, in 1942, by Ward Relief Society President Sadie Mickelson, who has since been succeeded by Jennie Mendenhall, the present president.

RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ATTENDING FORT WORTH (TEXAS) BRANCH PICNIC AT TRINITY PARK, June 19, 1943

President Annie S. Poll is second from right and at left are Counselors Lydia Swanson and Elsie Fox. Secretary Margaret Richins is in center (checked dress) and Magazine representative Grace McCracken is at extreme right.

Texas Mission

ANNIE S. POLL, president of the Fort Worth Branch Relief Society, wrote recently:

For the past six years, the Fort Worth Branch Relief Society has sponsored a branch picnic at the close of its Relief Society season. This year it was held June 19, 1943, in beautiful Trinity Park and was enjoyed by sixty branch members. The missionaries and branch Priesthood members enjoyed a softball game before the picnic lunch.

The accompanying picture of the Relief Society members was taken at this outing. We have all enjoyed in "Notes From the Field" the pictures of our friends in the wards and stakes at home, and hope some of them will still remember those of us who have been in the mission fields many years, but still call Utah "Home."

JEANETTE LANDERMAN, secretary of the Corpus Christi Branch Relief Society, reports:

The Corpus Christi Branch Relief Society held its first bazaar Saturday evening, December 12, 1942. A chicken dinner was served; a fine program of songs, dances, and oratory was presented; and various games and dancing made the evening complete. We are all ready to begin on articles for our 1943 bazaar.

We have a beautiful spirit of love, charity, faith, and toil among our sisters here.

SO YOUNG A BRIDE

Anna Prince Redd

So young a bride! Oh may you know
That laughter must help love to grow.
Ahead is all of life to prize . . .
So young—and yet so very wise!

If ever there come troubled days
In walking unfamiliar ways,
Let never come a time when song
Is silent on your lips for long.

The heart is quick to understand
The touch of an endearing hand.
Life, through every threaded line,
Is more of rose than gray design.

Theology

Articles of Faith

Lesson 19 — Zion

Tuesday, December 7, 1943

(This is the third chapter dealing with Article 10)

Article 10—"We believe . . . that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent, * * *"

Lesson Aim: To show that the work of the Lord will cover the whole earth, and two capitals will be established, one on the eastern and one on the western hemisphere, both of which will be Zion.

CONDENSATION OF CHAPTER 19, TALMAGE'S *ARTICLES OF FAITH*

Two Gathering Places

Some of the passages quoted in connection with the dispersion and the subsequent gathering of Israel make reference to Jerusalem, which is to be re-established, and Zion, which is to be built. True, the latter name is in many cases used as a synonym of the first, owing to the fact that a certain hill within Jerusalem of old was known specifically as Zion, or Mount Zion; and the name of a part is often used figuratively to designate the whole; but in other passages the separate and distinctive meaning of the terms is clear. Micah predicted the destruction of Jerusalem and its associated Zion (Micah 3:12), and then announced a new condition that is to exist in the last days, when another "mountain of the house of the Lord" is to be established and this is to be called Zion (Micah 4:1-2; Isaiah 2:2-3) Joel (Joel 3:16). Zephaniah (Zeph. 3:14-16), Zechariah (Zech. 1:17; 2:7-12), Isaiah (Isa. 4:3-4; 40:9), as well as other prophets, have looked forward toward Zion and Jerusalem.

The Name "Zion"

By derivation, Zion probably meant bright or sunny; but this commonplace signification is lost in the deeper and more affecting meaning

that the word as a name and title came to acquire. The name has been applied as follows:

1. To the hill itself, or Mount Zion, and, by extension of meaning, to Jerusalem.
2. To the location of the "mountain of the house of the Lord," which Micah predicts shall be established in the last days, distinct from Jerusalem. To these we may add another application of the name as made known through modern revelation, viz.:
3. To the City of Holiness, founded by Enoch, the seventh patriarch in descent from Adam, and called by him Zion. (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:18-21)
4. Yet another use of the term is to be noted—a metaphorical one—by which the Church of God is called Zion, comprising, according to the Lord's own definition, the pure in heart (Doctrine and Covenants 97:21).

Jerusalem

"Jerusalem" is generally believed to mean by derivation the foundation or city of peace. We meet it for the first time as Salem, the abode of Melchizedek, high priest and king, to whom Abram paid tithes (Gen. 14:18-20). During the reigns of David and Solomon, the city as the capital of the undivided kingdom acquired great fame for its riches, beauty, and strength, its chief attraction being the imposing Temple of Solomon, (see I Kings, chaps. 5-8; 2 Chron., chaps. 2-7). Again will the ancient city become a royal seat, her throne that of the King of Kings, with permanency of glory assured.

The Latter-day Zion; New Jerusalem

Biblical statements concerning the Zion of the last days, as separate from both the ancient and re-established Jerusalem of the east, are silent regarding the geographical location of this second and latter day capital of Christ's kingdom. We learn something, however, from the Bible as to the physical characteristics of the region wherein Zion is to be built. It is explicit regarding the mountainous character of the country of modern Zion which is to be an ensign to the world. (Micah 4:1-2; Isa. 2:2-3; 33:15-17; 18:1-3).

The teachings of the Book of Mormon, and the truths made known through revelation in the present dispensation are more explicit in regard to location. In these scriptures, the names Zion and New Jerusalem are used synonymously, the latter designation being given in honor of Jerusalem of the east. John the Revelator (Rev. 21:2), and Ether (Ether 13:3-8) foretell the establishment of this New Jerusalem, as did Jesus Christ when visiting the Nephites in America, soon after his resurrection (3 Nephi 20:22; 21:22-24). Ether the Jaredite, and John the Revelator, separated by more than six centuries of time and prophesying on opposite hemispheres, each saw the New Jerusalem come down from heaven "prepared," says the Jewish apostle "as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. 21:2). "The Church in this day teaches that the return of this city from the heavens in glory, is the return of exalted Enoch and his righteous people; and that the people of the Zion of Enoch,

and the modern Zion, or the gathered saints on the western continent, will become one people.

Latter-day revelation has designated Independence, Missouri, as the "center place" of Zion (Doctrine and Covenants 57:1-5). On August 3, 1831, the temple-site was dedicated by the prophet, Joseph Smith, and his associates in the Preisthood. Great events are to mark the latter days: Zion shall yet be established on this chosen site, and "shall not be moved out of her place," and the pure in heart, shall return "with songs of everlasting joy, to build up the waste places of Zion." (Doctrine and Covenants 101:17-18, 43, 74, 75; 103:1, 11; 136:18). Zion is to be chastened, but only for a little season (Doctrine and Covenants 100:13). Redemption will come, but it is to be determined according to the faithfulness of the people (Doctrine and Covenants 105:9). As long ago as 1834 came the word of the Lord unto the Church: "Behold I say unto you, were it not for the transgressions of my people, speaking concerning the Church and not individuals, they might have been redeemed even now" (Doctrine and Covenants 105:1-2).

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS PROCEDURE

Suggested Songs

"Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded" by Kelly, *Relief Society Songs*, page 8; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, page 126.

"Zion Prospers, All Is Well" by E. R. Snow, *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, page 153.

"Beautiful Zion, Built Above," J. G. Fones, *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, page 92.

"The Song of the Redeemed" by Evan Stephens, *Relief Society Songs*. page 83.

"Redeemer of Israel" by W. W. Phelps, *Relief Society Songs*, page 37; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, page 133.

Two Gathering Places Visualized

Have a five-minute report on the geography of Jerusalem and another report about Independence, Missouri, showing pictures of each locality. If any class or ward members have visited either of these places choose them, if possible, to make the reports.

A Committee of Specialists

Six representative members of the class could be selected by the class leader well in advance of the lesson to become specialists on the chapter "Zion." They should do extensive reading and research on this subject. On the theology day, they should each have with them their detailed notes, their Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, and should be familiar enough with the references to find passages quickly. They should be seated at a table in the front of the class. The class leader should direct the procedure of the hour, using the committee members to answer questions, make explanations, etc., to bring out the points of the lesson.

Note: The above procedure suggested for the six members might be

adopted, in part, by all members of the class. "To be thoroughly acquainted with the lesson is to be thoroughly interested in it." The class members should be urged to familiarize themselves with the lesson and to bring to class the standard works of our Church each theology lesson day.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

The time is soon coming, when no man will have any peace but in Zion and her stakes. (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 161.)

And what is Zion? In one sense Zion is the pure in heart. But is there a land that ever will be called Zion? Yes, brethren. What land is it? It is the land that the Lord gave to Jacob, who bequeathed it to his son Joseph, and his posterity, and they inhabit it, and that land is North and South America. That is Zion, as to land, as to territory, and location. The children of Zion have not yet much in their possession, but their territory is North and South America to begin with. As to the spirit of Zion, it is in the hearts of the Saints of those who love and serve the Lord with all their might, mind and strength. (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, edition of 1925, pages 183-184.)

We want all the Latter-day Saints to understand how to build up Zion. The City of Zion, in beauty and magnificence, will outstrip anything that is now known upon the earth. The curse will be taken from the earth and sin and corruption will be swept from its face. Who will do this great work? Is the Lord going to convince the people that he will redeem the center Stake of Zion, beautify it and then place them there without an exertion on their part? No. He will not come here to build a Temple, a Tabernacle, a Bowery, or to set out fruit trees, make aprons of fig leaves or coats of skins, or work in brass and iron, for we already know how to do these things. He will not come here to teach us how to raise and manufacture cotton, how to make hand cards, how to card, how to make spinning machines, looms, etc., etc. We have to build up Zion, if we do our duty. (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, edition of 1925, page 184.)

Visiting Teachers' Messages to the Home

Sources of Strength

Lesson 3—Freedom of Choice

Tuesday, December 7, 1944

FREEDOM of choice develops people, makes them strong and self-reliant. They must think and act for themselves. Free agency is a basic principle in man's development. Without it, he can never reach the high destiny marked out for him. The right to choose his course in life, to say how he will worship and whom, to walk the earth as a free man, are some of the reasons, if not the principal ones, why

this great war is being waged. In the august council held in Heaven before the world was framed or man appeared upon its surface, Satan sought to rob us of our agency. He and his followers were defeated, and the forces of righteousness and truth were triumphant. They were victorious in that contest, and they will always ultimately prevail. Man's development rests upon his agency. Democratic government is built upon the fundamental idea that men are able to govern themselves, that they are happier when they do it, that no man has the right to govern another man without that man's consent, that enforced obedience is not only contrary to the will and purpose of the Almighty, but contrary to man's highest happiness. If the individual has not the power of choice, if he is denied his agency, how can he be held accountable for something he cannot do? We are given to know right from wrong and are free to choose. Our Heavenly Father never resorts to force or compulsion.

He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
And bless with wisdom, love, and light;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

We all have the right of choice, but when a choice is once made, we are responsible for the consequences.

These questions may arise: Why are we subject to temptation? Why is the world made hard? The world is made hard to make men and women strong. It takes rough seas to make good sailors. Without overcoming obstacles, life would be flat, unprofitable, and great quality in character would be impossible. "Who would take adversity from men? He who banishes hardship banishes hardihood, and out of the same door with calamity walks courage and fortitude, triumphant faith, and sacrificial love."

You remember "The Two Roads," by Jean Paul Richter. This is the story of a boy who dreamed that he was an old man and that he had chosen the wrong road, and he cried in the anguish of his soul for the days of his youth to return—the days when his father took him to the fork of the roads and told him he had his choice. He explained that one road led into a dark cave where serpents hissed and crawled and where poison flowed instead of water, and the other led into sunny lands where harvests waved and birds sang. In his dream he thought he had taken the wrong road, and his heart was full of remorse. Fortunately it was only a dream. How important it is to make the right choice!

Discussion

1. How is one made strong through making decisions for oneself?
2. What factors will aid one in choosing aright?
3. Discuss the quotation:
   "The pursuit of easy things makes men weak, while a mastery of the difficult makes men strong."

References

Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 29:36; 101:78-79

Pearl of Great Price, Moses 4:1-3; 7:32

Discourses of Brigham Young, edition 1925, chapter V, pp. 95-103

Gospel Doctrine, Joseph F. Smith, chapter IV. pp. 58-63

The Relief Society Magazine, January 1941, p. 40

Home Topics

THE December and January lessons for the Home Topics Department will appear in the October issue of the *Magazine*.

Literature

The Bible as Literature

Lesson 3—The Bible Lyric

Tuesday, December 21, 1943

CHILDREN of Israel, denied through one of their commandments (Exodus 20:4) expression in the forms of painting and sculpture, gave vent to their emotions, with more than usual intensity, through lyric literature. No people have surpassed them in the creation of songs, especially those of a religious type. These Biblical lyrics are to be found mainly in the Old Testament, where they often occur in story settings or are grouped, as in the Psalms, in what we might today call a religious songbook.

How shall one distinguish a Bible lyric from the Bible story in which it is sometimes found? It would be rather difficult to do so, if one had only the King James version of the Bible. There, as has been said before, the various literary forms are all cast in a "chapter and verse" mold. But take the *Modern Reader's Bible*, by Dr. R. G. Moulton, or another such volume, *The Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature*, by Ernest S. Bates, wherein the Bible is cast in its literary forms, and the lyrics lift into the clear.

In the study of the Bible lyric which comes in its story setting, we have a marked advantage. It is like a rose that blooms at the end of a thorny stem. Back of the song is the stirring tale that quickens into lyrical expression at the strategic moment. This is not unlike what occurs in grand opera when the story that is being dramatized rises into such a lyric gem as the "Jewel Song" in *Faust*, the "Sextet" in *Lucia*. Here is one basic difference: the Bible lyric is generally deeply religious in its cast and nature.

Let us add concreteness to these thoughts with a few typical illustrations: Moses has broken the chains of bondage of his oppressed people. Rising in stirring climax, the epic of the Plagues has brought the story to the point when the King, feeling God's wrath in the death of his own son, has set the Israelites free. They

are on their way to the Promised Land. An army pursues. The waters of the Red Sea have been rolled back, and the people pass through, while the pursuers are drowned in the depths. Up to this point the story is all told in swiftly-moving Biblical prose; but even such expression cannot adequately depict the exultation that sweeps over Israel at its deliverance. It is here that a nation's heart bursts into superb song:

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and my song,
And he is become my salvation:
This is my God, and I will praise him;
My father's God, and I will exalt him.

The Lord is a man of war:
The Lord is his name,
Pharoah's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea:
And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.
The deeps cover them:
They went down into the depths like a stone.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods?
Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders?

(See Exodus 15:1-17; *Modern Reader's Bible*, pp. 67-68.)

The foregoing quotation is, of course, only part of this stirring lyrical ode. This excerpt, however, reveals something of a Bible song in its story setting.

Another lyric of rare artistry, *David's Lament*, closes the epic of the warrior king of Israel. When the tragic word of the death of Saul, the king, and his son Jonathan, David's dearest friend, comes to him, the soul of David is expressed in these lyric lines:

Thy glory, O Israel,
Is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty—
Fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you,
Neither fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil.

* * *

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel,
Weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty—
Fallen in the midst of the battle!
O Jonathan,
Slain upon thy high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love for me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty—
Fallen!
And the weapons of war—
Perished!

(See 2 Sam. 1:19-27; *Modern Reader's Bible*, pp. 281-282.)

Other well known lyrics woven into the Bible stories are the plea of Ruth, Hannah's song of rejoicing over the birth of Samuel, David's Lament over Absalom. Besides these gems of poetry that sparkle in their various settings, there are many beautiful lyrics in the books of prophecy, especially those in Isaiah. Of these more will be said in a later lesson.

The Psalms, as already said, are a collection of the songs of Israel. Many of these echo in the hearts of people all over the world, for in their entirety or in part, they are being sung by God-fearing folk everywhere. Eminent literary critics have ranked Psalm Twenty-three—The Shepherd Psalm—as one of the finest lyrics ever created. Its lovely lines have sung solace and faith and trust into the hearts of thousands upon thousands down the years. Observe the sweet cadence and consoling thought as you read aloud these beginning lines:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul.

Rhythmic beauty is given to the Bible lyric, as shown in this and the other parts of songs quoted in this lesson, by the parallel form in which the songs are cast. Observe that the thought of the lyric is expressed then re-expressed in different words. This is an outstanding characteristic of Hebrew verse. In effect, this repetition not only reimpresses the thought but gives to the lyric a musical beauty and, with the artistic changes in the parellel lines, avoids monotony.

Another characteristic of the Bible lyric, which marks indeed all great lyrics, is the vividness of word pictures; for example, observe in the lines just quoted what a delightful scene is deftly sketched of a shepherd with his flock. Note also the pictures that come from these expressions, "swifter than eagles," "stronger than lions," "in scarlet delicately," "passing the love of woman."

A wealth of artistry, with an uplift into things divine, is in the study of the Bible lyric. Our hope is that this lesson may prove an "open sesame" to these treasures. It remains for those who study it to carry forward.

Discussion and Activities

1. What is the origin of the word *lyric*? Name some lyric in the Bible, other than those given in this lesson, which has brought uplift to you.
2. It has been said that back of every great song lies a story. How is this truth illustrated by some of the lyrics found in the Bible?
3. What is the main theme of the lyrics created by the Children of Israel? Why?
4. One poet has said, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." Apply this thought to the creation of some Bible lyric; to the negro spirituals; to any other rare lyric.
5. What is meant by "parallel verse"? Illustrate with quotations from one of your favorite psalms. By reading the quotation aloud show the musical effect of the parallel lines.
6. Find two expressions in some Bible lyric that suggest pictures.
7. Read aloud all of Psalm 23 or 24, or some other Bible lyric. Note the cadence, the word pictures, the religious uplift that comes from the lyric chosen.
8. How are Bible lyrics echoed in many of the songs we sing today? Give an illustration.

Social Science

NO social science lesson is printed in this issue of the *Magazine*, as no lesson for thi department is planned for the month of December, due to the holiday season.

Stories from the Book of Mormon

NO lesson for this department is printed in this issue of the *Magazine*, as the Genera Board does not require that a meeting be held on Tuesday, December 28, due t the holiday season.

ERRATUM

ATTENTION is called to an error in the social science lesson, no. 9, in the Augus *Relief Society Magazine*, page 515, which erroneously names John Marshall as th first Chief Justice of the United States. While John Marshall was the most notabl of American jurists and a Chief Justice, John Jay was the first Chief Justice.

Ezra Taft Benson Called To The Apostleship

(*Continued from page* 531)

Ezra T. Benson has been a consistent and devoted Church member throughout his life. His early activities centered about ward and stake priesthood work, also acting as a scout leader. He spent two years serving as a missionary in England. In 1932, while residing in Boise, he was made superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of Boise Stake. Three years later he was chosen to be first counselor in the stake presidency, and, in 1938, he was made president of the Boise Stake in which capacity he served un til he moved to Washington, D.C with his family.

Elder Benson is blessed with devoted wife who has supported hin in all his endeavors. Flora Smith Amussen is the youngest daughter o Utah's pioneer jeweler, Carl Chris tian Amussen, and Barbara Smith The Bensons are the parents of fiv children, Reed A., Mark A., Barbara Beverly, and Bonnie.

President Benson will assume hi new duties following the Octobe conference at which time he will b sustained in his new position.

Stumps Of Opportunities

John M. Freckleton

THE tree was extremely tall and bare. Against the flushed evening sky it would stand sharply outlined in its nakedness, as though graven on the wall of the heavens. I don't know what kind of tree it was, though it may have been an elm. But on the many occasions when I passed it, I was deeply impressed by its lonely dignity. It was an interesting tree. To follow the long, lean lines of its limbless trunk high into the sky, finding far above a few twisted branches, was an inspiring act. The sight of this tree always made me long to write a beautiful poem about it. But I never had time.

One day, not long ago, I chanced to pass the corner where stood this tree. Where it had been flowed empty sky. The tree was gone, and where its roots had sought the earth was a low, shattered stump. Tall majesty had shrunk to obscurity. Doubtless the long bole had been ruthlessly sawed into convenient lengths for logs—and my poem was gone.

The feeling that came over me when I viewed the scanty remains was not an altogether new one. I felt regret over its untimely fate, certainly, but more definitely, sorrow over not having written my poem. With the inspiration gone, whence would come its dedication?

But, as I have said, the feeling of sorrow was not a new one for me. Many times in my life, I have found myself experiencing a similar emotion. Things I should have done, things I would have done, left undone. Interesting people I have neglected until too late.

My grandfather was an unusual sort of person. He crossed the plains with grandmother, pushing a handcart. In the wilderness of Utah Territory, he helped establish a vigorous commonwealth. He helped enforce law and justice, he aided in the fight for truth, and served as a man of God. During his early years here, he was a justice of the peace, a bishop, and twice a missionary to his native country, Old Ireland. And in the meantime, he was able to be a good father to twelve children.

Both he and grandmother saw the roughness of frontier life, yet he was always a lover of art, music, and literature. Not only did he read the works of the great masters, but he attempted to capitalize on the inspiration they gave by writing for himself. He was not especially successful in writing, but in the rough country where he lived he was eminently successful in finding beauty.

For a long time I had intended interviewing grandfather on his early life in Ireland and Scotland, and about his journey to Utah and life here. Never finding time, I failed to accomplish this desire. He has been dead quite a number of years now, and all the interesting tales he could have told, and the valuable information he could have given me have gone with him. Of him, I have but a stump of memory, nothing else.

In a similar way, I have come into contact with other interesting personalities, failed to take advantage of my opportunities to gain something from them, and later found myself regretting my procrastination. On numerous occasions I have gone to concerts or lectures, heard a marvelous performance by a brilliant artist, and fought a losing fight with myself to walk up and talk with this person face to face. And it would not have been hard to do. Once I had an excellent opportunity, through a mutual acquaintance, to meet and talk with Percy Grainger, the noted composer and pianist. For some unimportant reason, I neglected going to the hall where he was rehearsing, and consequently, my only contact with him was that of a deeply thrilled member of his concert audience. Another stump of lost opportunity to look back on.

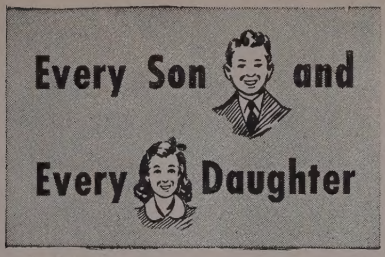
All this suggests that day by day we are all missing good opportunities to get more out of life. The stumps of many noble trees are doubtless strewn along our way. The fact that we can look back over a period of years and see, with regret, many worthwhile things we could have done is proof of this. Perhaps it was a poem that should have been written. Perhaps service to humanity that was neglected. We all like to feel that we have been useful to the world. But all the while we are likely to find ourselves merely sliding through life, merely existing.

I could have been a strong pillar of the church, one might say to himself. *I* could have been more devoted to the Church rather than giving mere lukewarm allegiance. The books which should have been read, the letters which should have been written, the hundred and one minor deeds of life which should have been done, these all leave disturbing stumps where noble opportunities once flourished.

Opportunity, however, is never in the future, but constantly at hand. Yet when we at last find time, opportunity is often gone It is no longer a noble, inspiring tree, it is a useless stump.

It is as much truth as poetry to say that there is no yesterday, nor tomorrow, but only today. Opportunity is not yesterday, nor will it be tomorrow, it is here today, and the only time to enjoy it is the present. After all, when we look about us and see the people who have done the things we might have done, isn't it evident that they did not wait for a better time? Had they done so, they would probably still be waiting. Rather than a saddening field of stumps to contemplate, they boast a flourishing grove.

One of these days, not very, very long from now, we will find ourselves in another life, the life of the hereafter. There we will be given the task, perhaps, of looking back upon the life we have left, of considering all that we have done. Then, if never before, we will learn the truth of the expression, "of all the sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'it might have been.' " Will we see in retrospect a depressing expanse of broken stumps of opportunities, or will we see a charming forest of tall trees, with scarcely a stump to be seen? Well, that's your task, and mine. Let's see what we are going to do about it.



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